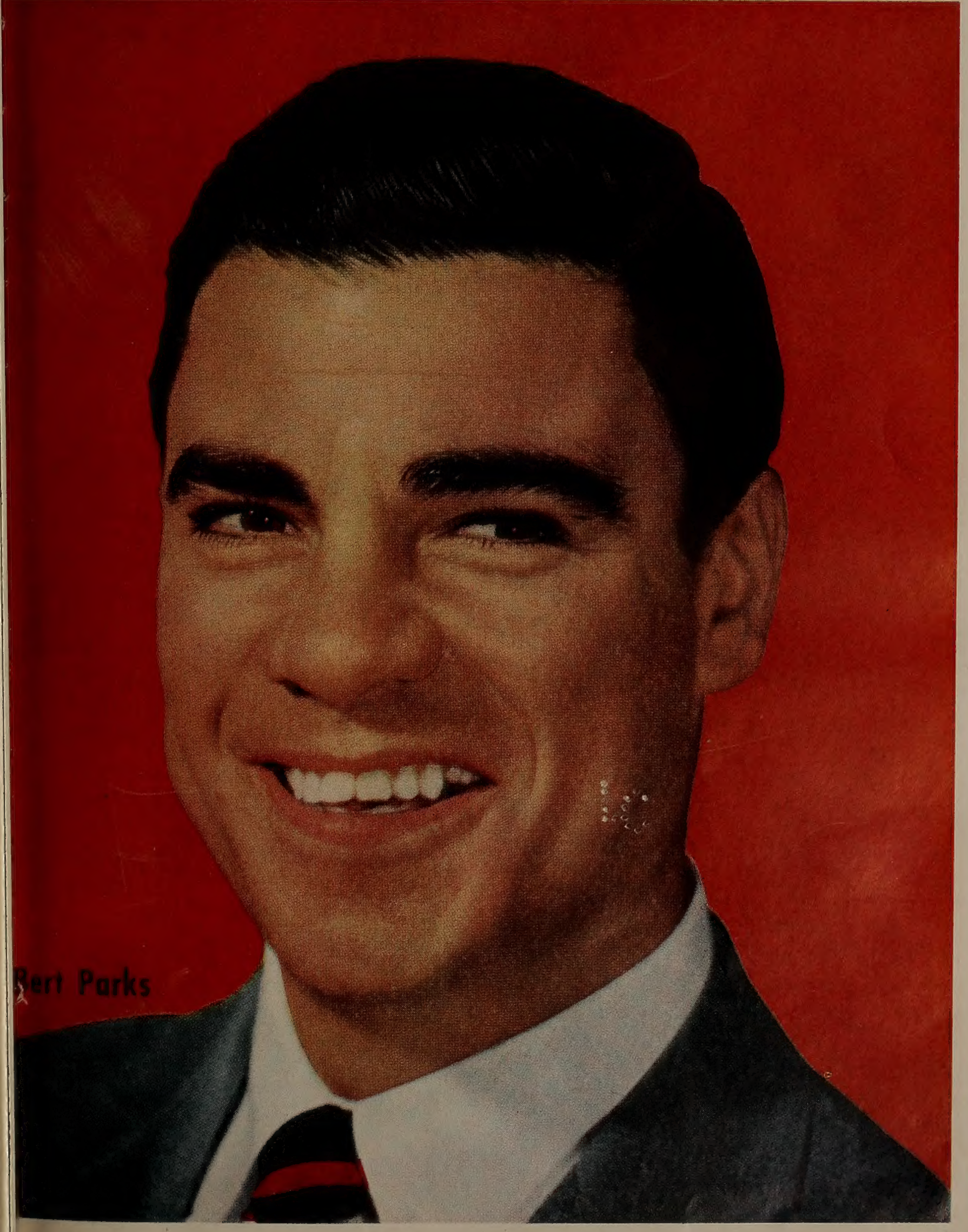
RADIO-TV MIRROR

January

IN THIS ISSUE

N. Y. AREA TV PROGRAM LISTINGS

His Wife's Story: "Bert Parks — Perfect Father!"



Bert Parks

● Claudia Morgan — Right to Happiness

● Warren Hull — Strike it Rich

● Dave Garroway — Dial Dave Garroway

Road of Life ● Garry Moore ● The Brighter Day

25¢

A.J.
HE8690
.R16

Trust Camay to take your skin

"Out of the Shadows"

and into the light of New Loveliness!

This lovely bride—Mrs. Gary Fleming, writes: "Camay's like magic! Soon after I changed to regular care and Camay I had a clearer skin."

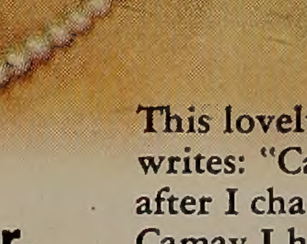
Follow this Camay bride's way! You'll have a fresher, brighter skin with your First Cake of Camay!

GIRLS who'd court compliments and attention—girls who can count on romance and a bridal veil—never let dullness cloud the beauty of their complexions and keep their dreams from coming true!

So why let *your* beauty be masked in shadows? With Camay, you can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness.

Show the world a lovelier complexion! Change to regular care—use Camay alone. A fresher, smoother look appears with your very *first cake*!

There's no finer beauty soap than Camay! It's so gentle! And what a rich, creamy lather Camay gives! Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.



Bring all your skin new beauty!

The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms, legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's fragrance. For more lather—more luxury—use big, economical Beauty-Bath Size.

Camay

the soap of beautiful women

Prompt Action

can often help head them off or lessen their severity

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, sniffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel below.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues.

Listerine Antiseptic is so efficient because, used early and often, it frequently helps halt such a mass invasion . . . helps nip the cold in the bud, so to speak.

Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: That twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis 6, Mo.*

SOME OF THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Bacillus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (4) Pneumococcus Type IV, (5) Streptococcus viridans.

Tests showed that even fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; an hour afterward as much as 80%. Among bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces can be many of the "secondary invaders," some of which are shown above. These are the very germs that can cause so much of a cold's misery when they invade the body through throat tissue.

See The SAMMY KAYE SHOW • "So you want to lead a Band"
CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

RM

1

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Doris McFerran, *Editor*; Jack Zasorin, *Art Director*;
Marie Haller, *Assistant Editor*; Frances Kish, *Television Assistant*;
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Conchita's untamed beauty set his pulses racing—
From FLOODTIDE

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R M

The winnah!

***What** a job! An interview with six "Miss Washington" beauty contestants is routine to WWDC's announcer, Willis Conover—or is it?*

***Having** played with Ellington's band on the road, Willis finds himself working with the Duke* (r.) *on Treasury Department radio series.*

CAME SEPTEMBER 2, 1951, WWDC's Willis Conover set Washington's radio row on its ear. That was the day when the Washington *Times-Herald* published the results of its radio popularity poll.

In first place—edging out such established favorites as Jack Benny, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby—was disc jockey Conover, whose sole stock in trade is a pleasant voice and a vast knowledge of recorded music.

To Conover the honor was doubly sweet, because he had been bucking the tide in Washington radio for the past six years. Convinced that a disc jockey should play music—be it Bop, Blues, Barrelhouse or Bach—rather than concentrate on gags and gimmicks, Conover was a lone wolf in the Nation's Capital.

For his first five years on WWDC, Conover did the usual staff announcing chores plus, now and then, a fill-in platter show. But that didn't put the damper on his interest in music. Off the air he did his best to popularize modern music with the Washington public. He lectured in high schools, local colleges and civic clubs; arranged and emceed jazz concerts featuring the top names in the business. He even organized a hot combo, called it the Dixieland Band and booked the outfit into the Charles Hotel. The band has been blowing the roof off the place for the past three years.

Came vacation-time, Conover went travelling with Duke Ellington and his band "just to get the feel of the road."

His name became so synonymous with modern music that Conover became known as Washington's "one-man Jazz clearing house." When the Voice of America wanted to transcribe a series on modern American music for the Scandinavian countries, Conover arranged and narrated the programs. When the U. S. Treasury Department signed pianist Art Tatum and the Duke Ellington Band for its transcribed Guest Star series, they asked for Conover to do the announcing from Washington.

Conover finally got his big chance last year with the 1260 Club. In one year, with Conover at the helm, it came out of nowhere to become Washington's Number One afternoon and mid-evening platter show. Aired from 3:30-5:00 P.M. and from 8:00-9:30 P.M., the program has become a by-word with the younger set.

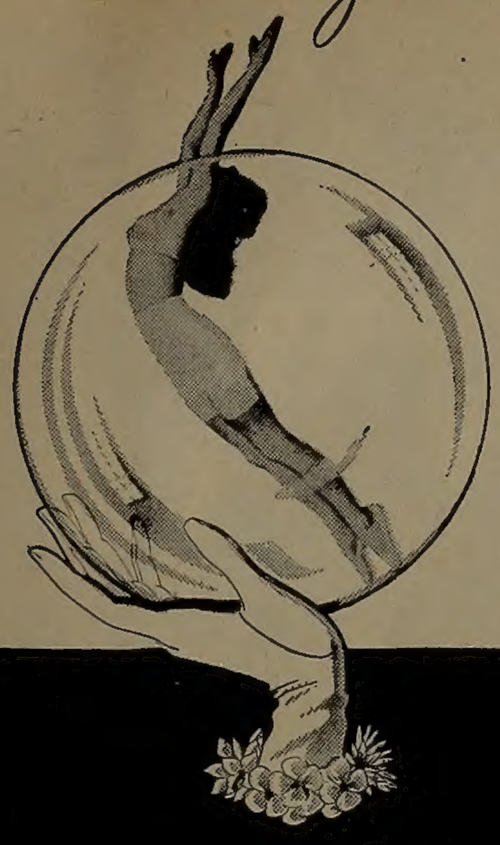
However, his daily three-hour air stint is just a warm-up for Conover. Yes, he's still giving jazz concerts, lecturing and talking music with musicians until the early hours of the morning.

Television? He's going strong there, too. Conover is doing a TV disc jockey show on WNBW, Washington, from 12:15 to 12:45 every morning and the accent is still on music. Instead of records, Conover features films of bands and vocalists.

Other interests? Reading and writing science fiction. Look closely at his coat pockets sometime. There's bound to be a small brightly-colored book featuring a picture of a BEM (bug-eyed monster to the uninitiated) or an air-splitting space ship.

Vital statistics: he's tall, dark, nearsighted, unmarried and always hungry.

For holidays and always...give yourself an exciting new figure!



invisible **White Magic*** *TRADE MARK

Newest Playtex® FAB-LINED Girdle

FABRIC-NEXT-TO-YOUR-SKIN

See how Playtex White Magic caresses you to true slenderness, gives you a newly fluid line from waist to thighs. See how it encourages such grace of movement, allows you such freedom to sit, to stand, to step, to twirl!

Nettie Rosenstein says

"White Magic is fabulous! As a designer I love the slim, free lines this newest Playtex Girdle gives!"

"For slimness, freedom, beauty—there's no girdle like it!" says top designer Rosenstein. "It flatters your figure in every way under the newest fashions."

"A girdle should do more than slim you, it should be comfortable. That's why PLAYTEX Fab-Lined Girdles—with fabric next to the skin—are so very perfect!"

"This girdle smooths away the inches, without a seam, stitch or bone—invisible under *all* clothes."

In the SLIM round tubes, PLAYTEX girdles are at department stores and specialty shops. $3.95 to $6.95. Choose from PLAYTEX *White Magic,* Fab-Lined, Pink-Ice, and Living Girdles.

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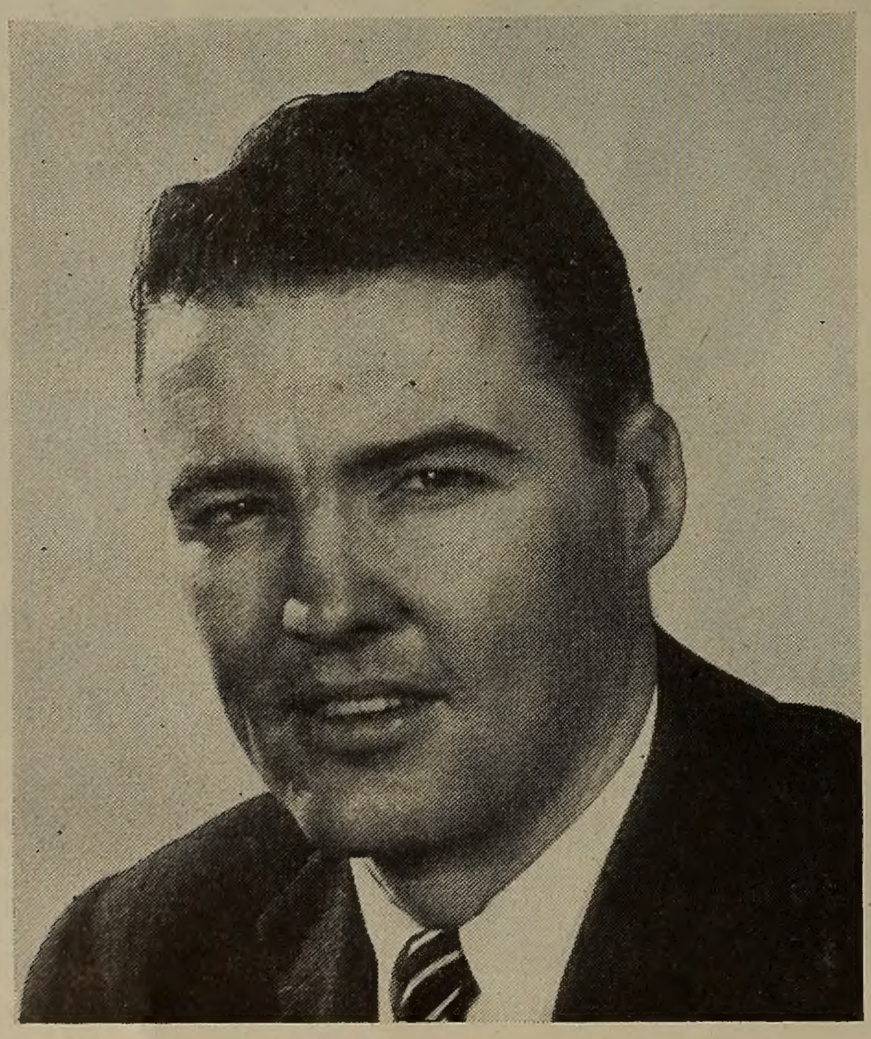
Like Father—Plus!



***Once** a top college athlete, now telecasting sports for WPIX, Bud Palmer gives viewers a player's insight into games. Above, happily escaping from the rice-throwing crowd, are Bud and his lovely wife, Fay.*

MOST SPORTSCASTERS, it is said, are really frustrated athletes. This, however, is not the case with Bud Palmer, WPIX sportscaster. Bud, the son of Lefty Flynn, one of the greatest football players Yale has ever known, was born in California and like most kids out there, played every sport before he was graduated into long pants.

But unlike the other kids, Bud went on to gain that extra proficiency which marks a real athlete. While at Princeton, Bud was a four-letter man and was named All-American Center in basketball. By the end of his college days, he had become as well known in basketball as his father had been in football.

After graduation, Bud was a Naval cadet for two years and when his stint in the Navy was over, was signed to play basketall with the New York Knickerbockers. He played with the team for three years, two of them as captain.

Then at the advanced age of twenty-seven (he was born in 1921) Bud announced that he was too old to play—that he was going to retire. Offers poured in from Wall Street, but Bud was sold too solidly on sports. Two years ago he did his first sports broadcast. Since then he has broadcast college and professional basketball games over WMGM and televised them over WPIX and Dumont. This season Bud is ably handling all top basketball games from Madison Square Garden for WPIX. Anyone who has "played" and is still "playing" cannot help but fill his sportscasts with a little extra. Bud can tell from experience, rather than hearsay, what goes on in the athlete's mind—how he looks at a play and why he does what he does.

Bud, who is six-feet-five, very blond and very handsome, is referred to as "the glamour boy sportscaster"—a name which doesn't exactly bring smiles to the Palmer face. He is very serious about being a good sports reporter, so much so that during this past baseball season, he taped twenty Yankee and Giant baseball games, just for practice.

Non-professionally, his interests still run to sports. Bud, who is extremely interested in young people, has formed a Citizen's Committee which is working with the Board of Education to make sports activities in the New York schools better and more comprehensive. If there is more supervised play and competitive sports, Bud believes there will be much less delinquency.

But Bud's main non-professional interest is, quite naturally, his wife, the former Fay Caulkins, daughter of the Vice-President of the Bankers Trust Company. Bud and Fay love a good, fast tennis match or a round of golf.

"You'll see Nero *and* the burning of Rome in 'Quo Vadis'. And if you know how steam heat parches *your* skin, you can imagine how dry mine felt after making that scene. I had to be photographed *inches* away from live, crackling flames.

Soaking in water for this escape scene dried my skin again . . .

And later, 'my hands were tied', literally, with a harsh rope . . .

So I soothed my hands, arms and face with Jergens Lotion . . .

It kept them lovely and smooth-as-silk for romantic close-ups.

At home, too, Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret"...

Being liquid, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin . . .

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or hand cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend — no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on a hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as with a lotion or hand cream that leaves a heavy, oily film.

You can prove it yourself with the simple test described above...

You'll see why Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1!

RADIO-TV MIRROR'S

Patterns for you

BEGINNING a new budget-and-fashion-wise pattern series, designed especially to fit your needs. Below: the dependable little basque date dress, important again because of its feminine feeling. Top left: a newsworthy way to cut a basic wool suit—the skirt slender, the jacket as a boxy, buttoned bolero! Bottom left: the easy action-back blouse—to be teamed with wardrobe items—suits, jumpers, or slacks.

#2485 . . . *Timely Two-Piece. Long or three-quarter cuffed sleeves. Hip-length jacket if you prefer a longer line. Sizes 10-20. Price 35¢. Size 16, bolero jacket and skirt, 3⅛ yards 54 inch.*

#2518 . . . *Date Time Drama.. Make it in velveteen, taffeta, faille . . . narrowly cut sweetheart neck with collar or cap sleeves and scoop neck. 10-20. Price 25¢. Size 16, 3⅝ yards 39 inch.*

#2962 . . . *The Basic Blouse. Finish in classic convertible collar style, tie neck or ruffled neck and long or short sleeves. 12-20, 36-46. Price 25¢. Size 18, with long sleeves takes 2⅜ yards 39-inch fabric.*

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Please send me the following patterns for which I enclose $.....
#2962...Size.....@25¢ each. #2518...Size.....@25¢ each.
#2485...Size.....@35¢ each. For FASHION BOOK send ...25¢.

NAME .....

STREET or BOX NUMBER.....

CITY or TOWN.....STATE.....

For special handling of order by first class mail, include an extra 5¢ per pattern.

Poetry

NEW YEAR—OLD LOVE

Holly wreaths still hang on doors . . .
Candlelight and holly
Spread their magic everywhere.
I join the gay and jolly

Crowds that celebrate and dance
Through tinsel and through horn,
Laughing, singing, ringing bells
Through the New Year's morn.

My swirling skirt, my lacy blouse,
Are fresh as the bright New Year.
But an old love hidden in my heart
Keeps wishing you were here.

With painted smile, I look into
Each dancing partner's eyes.
Dreaming of you and last year's love,
I laugh such lovely lies.

Eva Sparks Taylor

MOUNTAIN SORCERESS

Her mountain kinfolk said she was
bewitched
I think she was, but not through any
arts
Employing fetishes and shrivelled
hearts,
Or secrets pledged in blood, or death
charms stitched
Into her garments. Hers was magic
born
Of high and lonely places, of the
hawk,
The fox and lynx, the hare; we heard
her talk
Of fauns and satyrs, of a unicorn.
Sky-lovely, she would walk, and
rainbows spanned
Her journey; trees and grasses bent
to right
And left to touch her; stars swung
low to light
A crippled fledgling snuggled in her
hand.
Oh yes, I heard them too, the night
she died:
The wind, the wildlings, and the
mountain cried.

Cosette Middleton

(*Continued on page* 11)

Are you in the know?

If invited to visit your fiancé at camp, who pays your way?

☐ *Little ol' you* ☐ *Leave it to him* ☐ *Put the bee on Dad*

Depends on your hero's financial status—and whether Mom says you can go. Is he loot-happy? Let *him* buy your round-trip ticket. But, if his only income is a G.I.'s pay—better foot your own expenses. Don't be travel-shy just because "that" day is due. Let Kotex keep you comfortable, with softness that *holds its shape*. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; and that special *safety center* gives *extra* protection.

What's the correct way to wear a corsage?

☐ *Stems up*
☐ *Stems down*
☐ *On the right shoulder*

Is that an orchid—or an upside-down-cake? Why pin posies with stems pointing skyward? Wear a corsage on the *left* shoulder; and remember—petals up! Being *sure* helps keep your confidence hitting on all 8 cylinders. Like trying *all 3 absorbencies* of Kotex. Whichever one you select, you're "sure" with Regular, Junior or Super!

Which togs make good sense for skiing?

☐ *Free n' easy*
☐ *Fleecy woolens*
☐ *A fur-lined topcoat*

If you've ever trudged up a ski slope—you know better than to tog yourself like a fugitive from the Yukon! Ski clothes should be light-weight; tailored free n' easy. You don't need bulk for *problem-day* protection, either. That's why Kotex has *flat pressed ends* . . . (not thick; not stubby). No revealing outlines with Kotex!

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

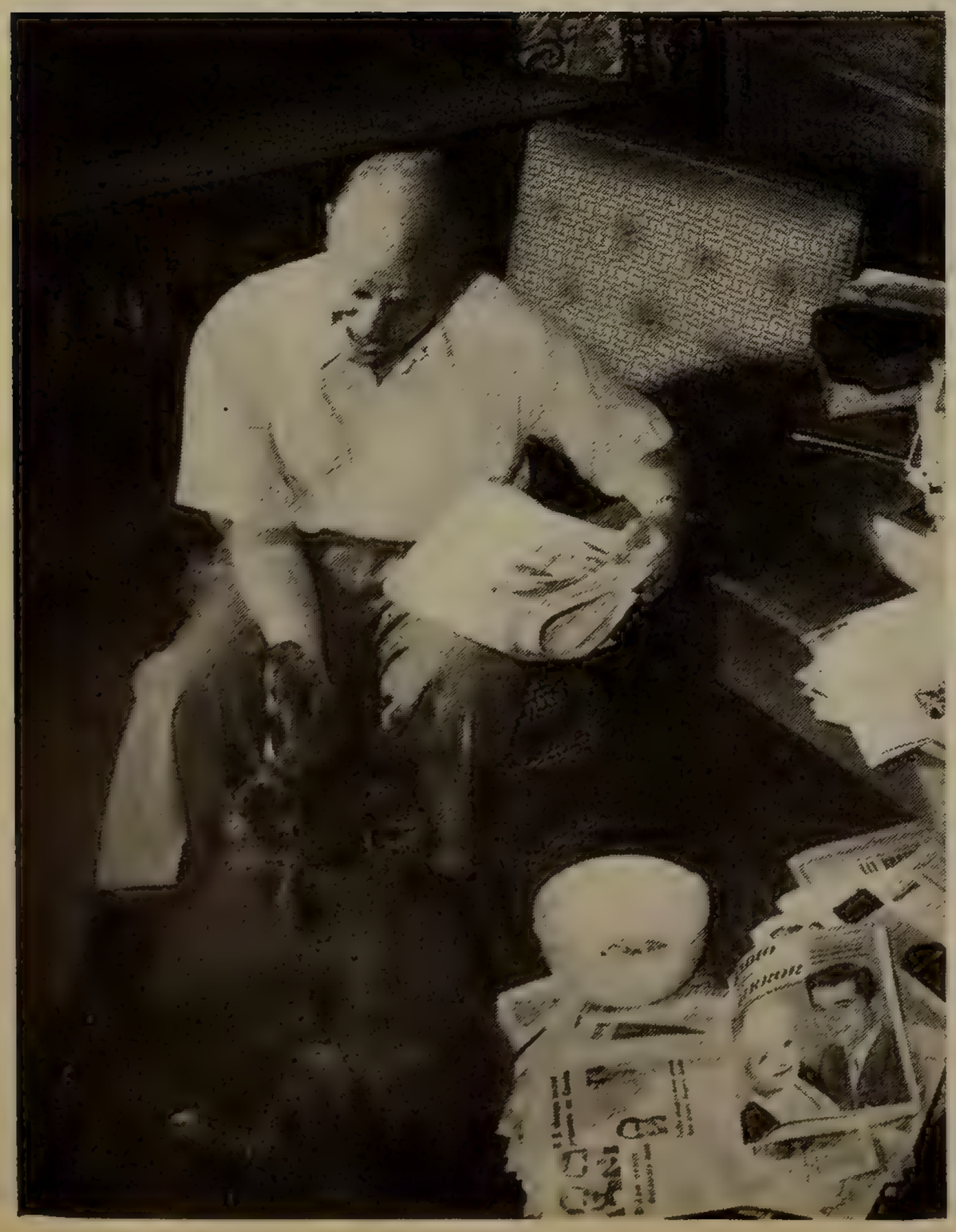
3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

P.S. **Have you tried Delsey*?** It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

Discless disc jockey

Lena Horne *visits WPEN's Steve Allison, whose talk has become the talk of Philadelphia. Below: Junior entertains Steve when off the air.*



IF THERE are two schools of thought on a subject, chances are that Steve Allison has a "diploma" from both—but woe be the heckler who has not attended either school!

Balding, five-feet-eleven Allison, heard over WPEN in Philadelphia, is the Quaker City's stormy addition to the nation's newest radio phenomenon, the disc jockey who doesn't spin records.

Each night, except Sunday, from 11:15 P.M. until 2:00 A.M., Steve feasts the city's listeners to the verbal tournament of civic leaders and officials who are on opposite sides of headline issues. What's more, this master of chatter lets his listeners expose the nerve-ends of the verbal gladiators by calling in during the program with prodding questions. The scalding tempers that result from this technique have been packing the restaurant of the famous ex-boxer, Lew Tendler, where the WPEN program originates.

At thirty-six, Steve has run the gamut of jobs in the show business world from child actor to air-star with jobs on the legitimate stage, with a dance team, as a night club comic, and burlesque straight man filling the years between. The World War II years were spent in the melange of talent and music and noise of the Entertainment Production Unit organized by actor Melvyn Douglas in the China-Burma-India Theater. Steve was EPU's production director, comedy writer and scene doctor. Steve and a group of entertainers who volunteered at his call once played a five-hour show on a stage made of planks laid over oil drums, with headlights of jeeps for lighting, all within gun-range of the enemy in an advanced camp where snipers had killed the "C.O." two nights earlier.

"We had to do something to boost morale," the ruddy-complexioned chatter-master explained, "but it had to be good enough to entertain the enemy into forgetting that they had guns in their hands!"

Unmarried, Steve Allison lives a secluded and sometimes lonely life. His one companion is "Junior," an eleven-year-old honey-colored cocker spaniel who spends much of his time pawing out the smoldering cigarettes which Steve, a three-packs-a-day chain smoker drops into a giant, floor ash-tray. The doleful-eyed dog and his master are inseparable and listeners address mail and phone calls to "Junior" in no small quantities.

To build his show Steve reads every edition of the local newspapers along with the country's leading newspapers and key magazines. Wire reports, which he peruses day and night to keep abreast of the national and local issues, are also essential for the Steve Allison Show.

With the WPEN broadcast originating in the center of the Quaker City, many of his interviews are with show people. Steve knows most personally and his keen knowledge of the show business world makes his interviews the rare and unusual kind that build loyal listeners.

On a recent program his interview with a famous Broadway star was interrupted by an irate listener who had climbed out of bed and. obviously. dressed in haste to cab down to the restaurant. He was the owner of a number of parking lots and wanted to protest Steve's declaration that parking fees were too high. Steve not only convinced the man that he was wrong, but finished the show with the parking lot man making a happy pitch for the program's clothing sponsor.

Poetry

FIRST PROM

In a dainty pink frock,
With her upswept curls,
She stands by the mirror,
Adjusting her pearls.

A smile on her lips,
Like a Princess of fable,
While her rosebud corsage
Awaits on the table.

But I know by the tremor
Of her tiny hands
That this precious hour
Much courage demands.

(Oh, callous young stag line,
Arrayed in your might,
Please dance with my daughter
This important night!)

Mary Ellen Stelling

MEASURE

Time slinks along
Like a lean stray dog
Sneaking up to kitchen door
Dropping to his belly
And burrowing in
At each small sound
When we two are apart
But
When we are together
Time bounds away
To the farthest fence
Like a beloved puppy
Returned home
Crashing thrashing
Against the gate.

Jan Hathaway Joslin

Radio-TV Mirror will pay $5.00 for April Poetry

A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poem to sixteen lines. *No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it.* Poetry for the April issue must be submitted between December 10, 1951 and January 10, 1952, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by February 10, 1952, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: April Poetry, RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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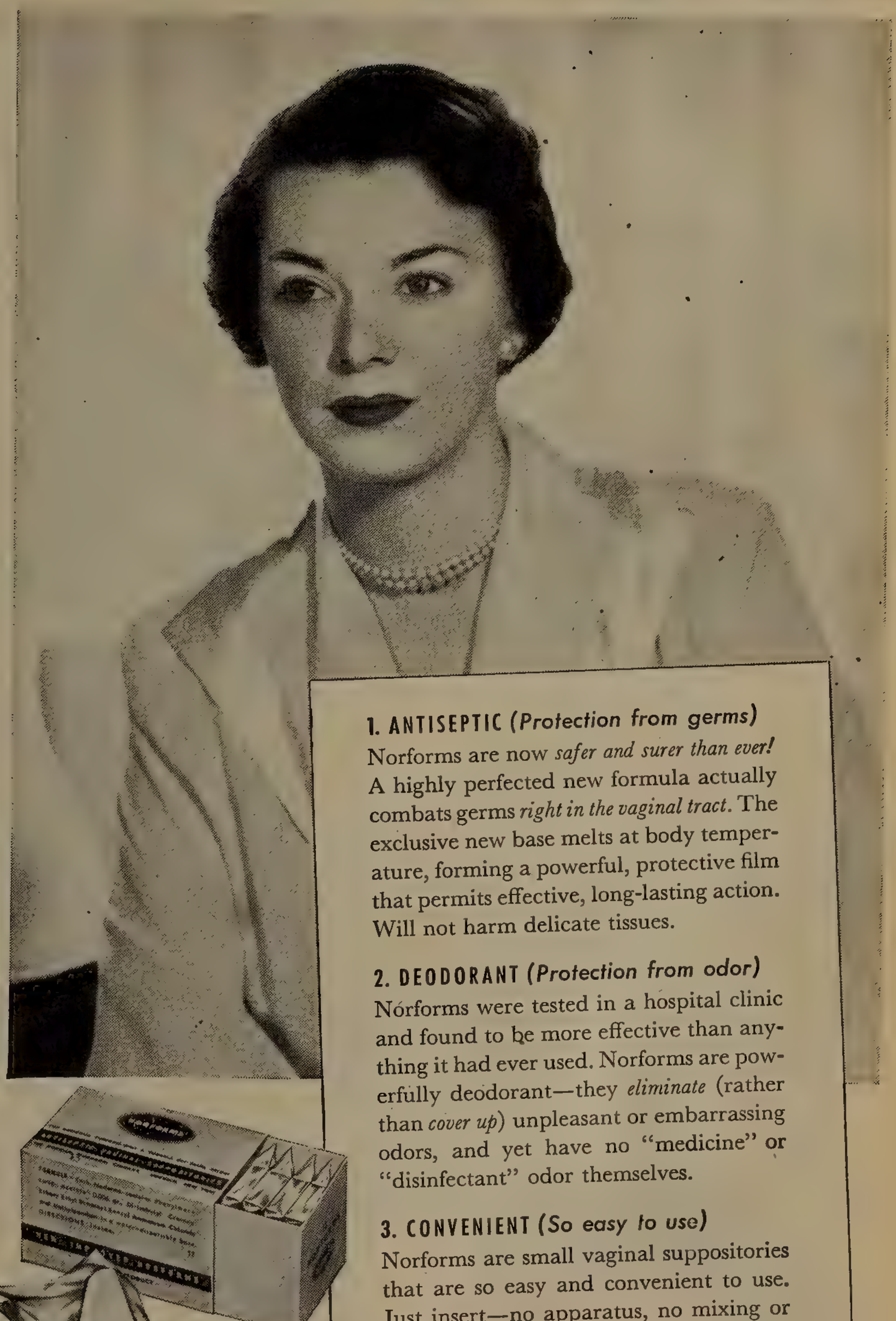

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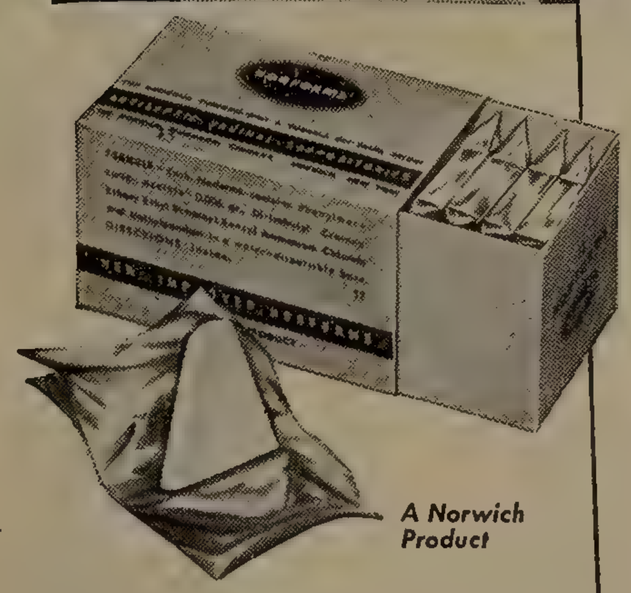

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Who's who in TV

From singing Western Union telegrams in the town of Harvey, Illinois, to tenoring opera and beebop on Your Show of Shows is the fast moving story of young Bill Hayes. But this is by no means a tale of boy meets talent scout while singing a greeting. Bill worked hard and studied continuously to reach his present status as a television star.

Bill Hayes

Attending DePauw University, where, incidentally, he was a top track and swimming star, he was told by the campus honorary dramatic society to forget his theatrical ambitions. Nothing daunted, he carried on, although there were several *slight* interruptions in his studies. One, several years in the Navy; two, marriage to his high school sweetheart, Mary Hobbs; and three, a four-month run on Broadway in "Carousel."

With a Master's Degree in Music behind him, Bill finally turned to television. Now his only problem is trying to find time to spend with his wife and two children.

No half-way measures with Vicki Vola! She's either tracking down criminals or being tracked down herself. It could happen only on TV where she plays Mr. District Attorney's Girl Friday one night and may play a gun moll the next.

Vicki Vola

But Vicki did not come to her present stardom through any underworld routes. From local radio in Denver, while she was still in high school, she went West, upon graduation, to San Francisco. New York offers followed and except for occasional vacation jaunts, she's been there ever since.

Vicki is married to TV-radio director and producer, John Wilkinson. As career people, they have adopted their own formula for the perfect marriage—they refuse to work on the same programs. During the week they live in a four-room apartment in the shadow of New York's Radio City, but on weekends they light out for a quiet, little bungalow on Long Island. In her leisure time Vicki dabbles in interior decorating.

Wright King, handsome young juvenile who has played leads on shows like Pulitzer Prize Playhouse, Danger, and many Gabby Hayes Shows, made his debut before a huge audience when he was only in second grade, standing on his head as a clown in a Christmas pageant. Hailing from Oklahoma where his father was in the oil business, Wright was told by his high school teacher that he could not act at all. With these words of guidance, he went on to win a theatre scholarship.

Wright King

Wright made his way up to television by way of summer stock, the U. S. Navy and Broadway plays. He did take time off, however, to make the film version of "A Streetcar Named Desire," in which he had played on Broadway.

Despite his youthful appearance, Wright is married and is a father. He describes his wife, June, as petite, brainy and a brunette who looks good in a convertible. They have one son, Rip, who is one-and-a-half years old and the real master of the household.

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Above: *a few hours of relaxation for Ralph and Anna Flanagan. At left: it may look like play as Ralph tries to get Anna to pose, but they're actually off to work.*

Flanagan's camp-follower

Home is usually just a hotel room for Anna Flanagan—but it doesn't matter where you live if you can be with the man you love

WHAT does a bandleader's wife do while her husband is traveling around the country, playing a week in one city and one-night stands in a dozen colleges? Well, if she's Anna Flanagan, she follows him as long as she can and, once in a while, comes home to check up on their house, their two pet dachshunds . . . and to rest up a little.

"I do get very tired on the road," she says. "After all, Ralph and the boys are rehearsing all day and playing at night. I have no job to keep me busy—and you can get so sore, just sitting!"

Actual traveling is less wearing than merely "standing by." But even that has its trying moments. "There just is no such thing as routine as far as Ralph and I are concerned," says Anna. "We can be in Chicago one week, Texas the next, and Florida the week after. And just try to get a wardrobe together to suit that schedule! You can spend hours figuring out the kind of clothing you should take, what accessories will go with what—but it never fails—you arrive at your destination, the weather changes and everything you have brought is all wrong."

This emphasis on clothes is not just a whim on Anna's part. As a bandleader's wife, she must look nice. She has to meet the people who are important to Ralph—distributors and disc jockeys. Occasionally, when local union rules make it impossible for Ralph to guest on a disc jockey show—which he does in almost every town he visits—Anna has taken over for him, even though she still gets mike fright.

Her occasional appearances are undoubtedly treats for the disc jockeys concerned, for this tall, lovely brunette was once a model. She met Ralph one night when he was playing in New York as pianist with Sammy Kaye's orchestra. A helpful friend introduced them, giving the young pianist a tremendous build-up. "It wasn't until after we were married," says Anna, "that I found out my friend had known him for exactly five minutes—when Ralph stopped at our table and asked to meet me."

That was nine years ago and in the years that followed, it looked as if New York would be their permanent home. So they bought a small house out on Long Island. Four months later Ralph was making arrangements to take his band on tour. It was sixteen months before they were both back home together.

"I've shopped for the house all over the country," Anna says with a laugh. "A table here, a rug there . . . and we're still not fully furnished. But the thing that bothered me most is that I wasn't able to cook a meal for Ralph in all that time!"

Most of their traveling is done in Ralph's plane—a small, two-passenger model. But when they are going on a longer trip, they often take the dogs with them. "It's quite a sight," says Anna. "The two dogs in the lower berth and Ralph and me in the upper. But they're getting to be real troupers . . . at least they don't chew up our luggage any more."

Ralph is back on the road now. Anna is undoubtedly with him, encouraging him and making a difficult routine bearable.

Check your local paper for time and station when Ralph Flanagan's orchestra may be heard.

Art Linkletter's Nonsense and some-sense

JANUARY

. . . and a very Happy New Year to you, too. Making any resolutions? If you are, it's time to get them under way, you know. When I was a kid, I used to play a game of make-believe with myself. I'd pretend that if I could choose just the right resolution to make, it would come true. I'd keep it all through the year with some kind of extra-curricular help, like, say, a fairy godmother waving her magic wand. Make-believe or no, it's not a bad way to help you decide on one good, solid resolution. So why not sit down now and think up one good resolution, and decide, cross your heart and hope to die, you'll keep it all year through? Bear in mind, though, if you're playing our game of make-believe, that you can't go around wasting resolutions and second-guessing. Remember the old fairy story of the husband and wife to whom a fairy appeared and told them she'd grant them three wishes? Seems the husband was a greedy fellow. The fairy had caught him just before lunch and, prompted by his empty tummy, he wished for a big, fat sausage. Sure enough, it appeared right out of thin air. His spouse, indignant at wasting one of their precious wishes on such a paltry subject, cried, "Why, I wish that thing were growing on the end of your nose!" And, of course, that's where it *was* growing in no time at all. That left the poor couple with but one wish—which they had to use up, of course, getting that horrid appendage removed from hubby's nose. That left them right where they had been in the first place. I don't have to point out the moral of that!

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to six-year-old): Son, where did you get those brown eyes of yours?

Boy: From eating chocolate cake!

Life With Linkletter, alt. Fri., 7:30 P.M. EST, ABC-TV; sponsor, Green Giant. House Party, M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, CBS; sponsor, Pillsbury Mills. People Are Funny, Tues., 8 P.M. EST, CBS; sponsored by Mars Candy.

PAUSE AND REFLECT DEP'T—

In these troubled times, it doesn't hurt once in a while to hark back a few years, and take a look at some pictures —you must have seen them—of Mussolini speaking to a mob of citizens? Remember the hero-worshipping looks on those faces turned up to him? Here's a little behind-the-scenes sidelight on that subject that's worth thinking over. Listen to what Mussolini once had to say about those people whom he was leading to "freedom": *I do not want the applause of the people. They are stupid and dirty and do not work enough. They are content with their little cinema shows—they must not aspire to take part in the political life of the nation . . . their duty is to obey!* Gives you a cold chill up your spine, doesn't it?

Reader's Own Verse—

TEMPUS FUGIT

"Tall oaks from lit-
Tle acorns grow,"
McGuffey taught us
Long ago;
"Poems are made by
Fools like me,"
Who haven't time to
Raise a tree.

—*Robert Nelson*

QUICK QUIZ

Here's another of our "family" quizzes, our-dumb-friends division. Do you know what the children of the following animals are called? For instance, the offspring of a cat is called a kitten. Now name the offspring of: (a) bear, (b) deer, (c) dog, (d) elephant, (e) frog, (f) goose, (g) horse, (h) sheep, (i) swan, (j) salmon.

ANSWERS

Quick Quiz Answers: (a) cub, (b) fawn, (c) puppy, (d) calf, (e) tadpole, (f) gosling, (g) colt or foal, (h) lamb, (i) cygnet, (j) parr.

Reader's Own Verse—

LOOK IN MY COAT POCKET

I dug out paper;
Filled my pen;
Found your address;
Settled. Then
Exercised my
Writing flair;
Chose my words
With tact and care;
Creased it neatly.
Envelope
Stuck and stamped.
I mailed it?
Nope.

—*Ray Romine*

TASTE DOESN'T TELL—

Here's some odd bits of information you might like to use on your guests at a party. Most people, it seems, can't tell flavors by taste alone. For instance, next time you're having ice cream for dinner, blindfold someone, hold his nose, and give him a spoonful of chocolate and then a spoonful of vanilla—more than likely, he won't be able to tell which is which. It's sight and smell which help him to tell the difference. Another thing you can do is give your taste buds an "anaesthetic"—by holding a piece of ice in your mouth, being sure to move it around so all parts of your tongue get well chilled. Anything you taste afterwards just plain won't have any taste. Even foul-flavored medicine—so try it on the children next time you have a take-your-medicine problem. Actually, we have only four distinct tastes: sweet, which is caught by the front of the tongue; salty, tasted a little farther back; sour, still farther back, and bitter, caught by the taste buds at the very back of the tongue.

SIDELIGHTS DEP'T—

Know anything about milk? Care to? Give a listen: there are, I'm reliably informed, nearly twenty-three million cows in the U. S., producing 55,000,000 (printer, get those zeros right!) quarts of milk a year. Laid end to end, so to speak, this milk would fill a river 3,000 miles long, forty feet wide, three feet deep. Standing the quart bottles side by side, you'd have a sort of fence that would girdle the earth nearly one hundred forty times. Whoa there, Bossy!

Health and humor

WMGM's Carlton Fredericks receives a citation from the Women's American ORT for his valued work in nutrition.

CARLTON FREDERICKS, whose WMGM broadcasts, Living Should Be Fun and A New Way of Life, are now being transcribed on many stations in the United States, is trying his best to prevent national gastronomical suicide. Monday through Saturday at 9 A.M. and 6:30 P.M., Fredericks tells listeners, in his humorous, matter-of-fact way, about scientific discoveries in nutrition. "If we are what we eat, some of us are a terrible mess," he says. Nearly 5,000 letters a week pour in from adolescents, homemakers, physicians seeking his advice. He has mailed out more than 50,000 leaflets during the past year.

How do women get to be fat, frivolous and frumpy at forty? Fredericks says there is more than destiny that shapes our ends; there is also a diet. Some men escape the full effects of the mistakes women make in the kitchen and become merely baywindowish, bald and bibulous. Other husbands contribute to those statistics which say that widows own the life insurance companies and corporations of America.

People more or less eat themselves into the symptoms of old age. "Premature graying of human hair has been overcome in large groups of experimental subjects by diet alone, or by the use of vitamin concentrates," Fredericks says. "The most interesting person I ever met was a technician in nutrition, who was seventy-six years of age, yet thirty-five years old in stamina and appearance."

Fredericks finds there are many factors in educating Americans in nutrition. "Psychology and nutrition are appallingly intertwined," he says. He persuades listeners with innumerable cultural backgrounds and diverse budgets to consider their "physiological requirements in selections dictated by the pleasures of the palate."

Fredericks believes health and nutrition should be entertaining as well as educating. He keeps informed of the nutritional fallacies that clutter up the minds of his listeners through his question and answer conferences with his studio audiences. He pulls no punches in his crusade for nourishing food. Recently his air attacks on the standard for white bread set up by the Food and Drug Administration caused the FDA to issue a seven-page publication to answer indignant letters written to the agency by Fredericks' listeners.

After his graduation from Alabama University, the Brooklyn-born Fredericks worked for Dr. Casimir Funk, founder of vitamin therapy. He served as consultant for the New York Legislative Committee on Nutrition, for hospitals and clinics in the East and has taught nutrition in many top schools. Fredericks' radio programs, themselves, have been cited as a "definite contribution to public knowledge" by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Woman's National Radio Council.

CONTEST WINNERS

Anne Malone asks: Where does my happiness lie?

Young Dr. Malone is heard M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, over CBS stations. Sponsor is Procter & Gamble's Crisco.

In October Radio-TV Mirror reader-listeners were told Anne Malone's story, and asked for their opinions on her problems. The editors of Radio-TV Mirror have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. Sherry McAuley of Atlanta, Georgia.

FIVE DOLLARS each to Mrs. Velma G. Ford, Richmond, Indiana; Mrs. Carrie Blythe, Elizabethton, Tennessee; Mrs. Eldred Mobley, Harrodsburg, Kentucky; Mrs. Charles Runyon, Port William, Ohio; Elizabeth B. Huggett, Thetford Center, Vermont.

Dennis James
Rhyme Contest Winners

Here are the names of those who submitted the best rhymes to our Dennis James Rhyme Contest.

First Prize: A Tula hostess gown to Mrs. Betty Bullion, Washington, D. C.

Second Prize: A complete Revlon gift package to Mrs. Earl Boyle, Summit Station, Ohio.

Third Prize: $15.00 to Mrs. Eugene A. Schnell, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Fourth Prize: $10.00 to Mrs. Helen Haupt, Baltimore, Md.

Fifth Prizes: $5.00 each to Mrs. Alice R. O'Brien, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Emma Sullivan, Peabody, Mass.; Ruth A. Jackson, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. Alvin Kahle, Swanton, Ohio; Mrs. M. N. Ozment, White Stone, Va.

Hollywood stars acclaim elsa maxwell's etiquette book

"Elsa Maxwell's blueprint for correct social usage, as revealed in the pages of her fine book, are an inspiration to all who enjoy gracious living."

Joan Crawford

"After reading Elsa Maxwell's gay, entertaining book on etiquette it is easy to understand why she is universally popular as a hostess and as a friend."

Doris Day

"Here at last is a down-to-earth book on etiquette that is as breezy and easy-to-read as it is practical."

Gordon MacRae

"I loved Miss Maxwell's book, so interesting and not just a dry list of do's and don'ts. It's delightful, too, to look through work on etiquette which is styled as modernly as our life today. And I agree with her 100% that good manners are one of the greatest personal assets anyone can possess."

Jeanne Crain

"Elsa Maxwell's new book is painless. That's the news for anyone who wants the low-down on etiquette but wants it interesting. I like it . . . It's useful. And, it's good reading."

Dan Dailey

"Gay, exciting, amusing . . . those are the words for my favorite kind of movie . . . and those are the ones for Miss Maxwell's book. She's lived an interesting life—and it jumps out at you so briskly from her pages! You'll never find such lively reading anywhere on what's right to do when and where."

Mitzi Gaynor

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Elsa Maxwell

Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, is being showered with praise by Hollywood stars for her splendid etiquette book. In Hollywood they are calling it the most useful and entertaining book on the subject ever written. Once you get your copy of this remarkable book you, too, will join the stars of Hollywood in your praise of this fascinating, up-to-date guide to good manners.

A Social Education

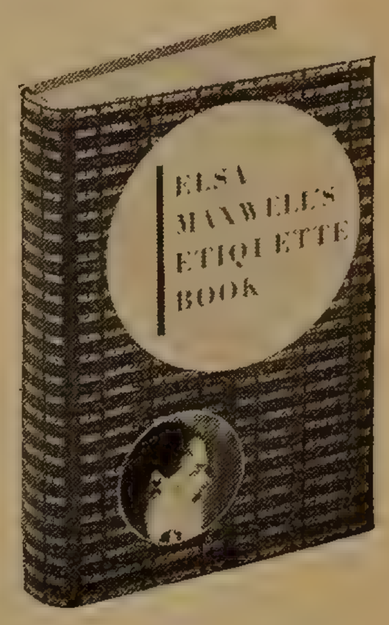
Elsa Maxwell's new book is different from the usual dry-as-dust etiquette volume. It's gay! It's up-to-date! It's just chock-full of the type of information that you can put to immediate use. It brings you a thorough social education that will enable you to live a happier life.

Here are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. By following the advice contained in this book you know *exactly* how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theatre—in the home—on the street—and when you travel.

Weddings

In this book Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings. The bride who follows the suggestions contained in this book need have no wedding fears. She will be radiant in the knowledge that her wedding is correct in every detail.

Good manners are important—and the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them. You owe it to yourself to get a copy of this great book—at once.



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By
TERRY
BURTON

Eleanor Kilgallen tells Terry of pitfalls that await newcomers to the entertainment field.

your Radio-TV future

● "Don't come to New York City until you've had plenty of acting experience." That's the advice that a recent Family Counselor, casting director Eleanor Kilgallen, gave for young people dreaming of fame in radio and television.

Since thousands of hopeful actors and actresses invade the big city every year, we decided to invite an authority on radio and TV careers to reveal just what the chances are for success. Eleanor Kilgallen, who's the sister of Broadway columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, was formerly casting director at CBS. She now heads her own office, Casting Consultants, Inc., where she's besieged by countless job-seekers.

"You may think you have talent," Eleanor pointed out, "but remember when you come to New York you'll be competing with people from all over the country who also think they're dreamdust! Your hometown, or a nearby city is the place to find out if you really have talent and learn to make use of it."

When I asked her what she thought were the best means of getting hometown experience, she recommended local little theatre groups, high school and college plays, and dramatic schools. Summer stock work in a nearby summer theatre, Eleanor added, is one of the very best ways to get acting experience. "You not only have a great variety of parts, but you get a chance to work with professionals."

But even an out-of-towner with experience, Eleanor admitted, has a very small chance of getting a break in New York. I was very interested in the example she gave from her casting work. When she was selecting a young girl for a role in a television mystery drama, she had in her files the names of twelve thoroughly experienced young girls, whom she felt would be perfect for the part. About twelve more in her files could be counted on to be excellent, though they had not quite as much experience. And another twelve or so who had done somewhat less TV work, she knew would be good if given the chance. There were at least 36 people whose performances she could be sure of, so what hope was there for a newcomer?

As a further discouraging point, Eleanor disclosed that even an established actor has a small and uncertain income. In a survey made last year of New York's AFRA—American Federation of Radio Artists—sixty-five per cent were found to have made less than $2,000 from radio work, she stated.

Eleanor stressed the necessity of having money saved to live on if you decide to try your luck in New York. "Even if a newcomer is lucky enough to get a few acting jobs," she stated, "you can't get by just eating hot dogs in between times. Television work, especially, is much more taxing to the health than most people realize. Since you're on your feet constantly all day at rehearsals, good food and good health are essential."

In closing, the casting director estimated that only one in a thousand coming to New York becomes a success in radio or television. "Of course, if you're that one," she told listeners, "more power to you. But don't say I didn't warn you!"

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton heard M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by General Foods.

Information Booth

Ask your questions—
we'll try to find the answers

James' Fame
Dear Editor:

Could you please give me some information on Dennis James? How old is he? Did he ever wrestle? Would you please print his picture.

N. J. F., Madison, N. C.

In his college days, Dennis James, who is now in his early thirties, excelled in just about every sport. He was the 155-pound boxing champion at St. Peter's College and went out for baseball, football, and basketball. A top announcer in radio, Dennis was a TV pioneer and is generally credited with having made wrestling a top TV attraction.

Mystery Man
Dear Editor:

A few months ago I saw an actor named Robert Horton on three Suspense shows in a row. Then he seemed to have disappeared. Would you please print a picture of him and tell me if he has been on any other shows lately?

M. L., Baltimore, Md.

Small wonder you couldn't find Robert Horton. After his successful Suspense shows, he was signed for two movies, "The Tanks are Coming" and "Return of the Texan." He plans to return to television this winter, however.

Conflicting Report
Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me if Marion Marlowe is married or divorced? Some people say one thing, some the other. Could you please set me straight?

M. L. J., Indianapolis, Ind.

Marion Marlowe is married to a government employee and very happy about it. Her honeymoon trip was what she calls a "Barnum and Bailey special." In the car, along with the new Mr. and Mrs., were two dogs, three two-week-old pups and a canary.

John's Other Show
Dear Editor:

Will you please print a picture of John Larkin who plays the title role on Perry Mason. Does he appear on any other radio or TV shows?

Miss P. O., Windsor, Conn.

John Larkin is also heard as Miles Nelson on the daytime serial, Right to Happiness, and on Mr. Mercury.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, *205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail —but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.*

Dennis James

Robert Horton

Marion Marlowe

John Larkin

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Don't miss this outstanding opportunity. Remember YOU can win one of the big cash prizes! See complete details in the February issue of

on newsstands Friday, January 11th

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1951 1952

My New Year's Resolutions

By
CEDRIC ADAMS

ALONG about this time of year, a lot of us give thought to making New Year's Resolutions. With most of us, that's as far as it goes—we give thought and then quick chase the idea out of our minds before it can get a toehold and force us to do something about it. Some, though, go so far as to formulate a set of resolutions and write them down, neatly and tidily. And just as neatly and tidily stash them away in the top desk drawer—the one with the old screwdriver, the picture of Aunt Emma as a bride, the recipes Mom's been meaning to try, and other similar treasures—and promptly forget all about them. I'm told on good authority, however, that there are some few people who not only make New Year's Resolutions—they keep 'em, too.

When I was a kid, back in Magnolia, Minnesota, I took the whole problem of resolutions very seriously. Not that I ever, that I can recall, got around to the third, or keeping 'em stage, but I did write them down, to the accompaniment of considerable pencil-chewing and mental anguish. Things like: "1. I do hereby solemnly resolve to never again braid burrs in Mary Jane Evans' braids. 2. I do hereby solemnly resolve not to be late for school ever, once, all year."

For as much as a week after setting these down in seemingly irrevocable black and white, I kept my hands off Mary Jane's braids (she sat in front of me in school, and the darned things

What are YOUR New Year's Resolutions?
Tell Cedric Adams—Win a Prize!

See Next Page ➔

My New Year's **Resolutions**

***Cedric's** wife, Niecy, has very often been his inspiration. Here she helps with a "resolution."*

***The** broadcast is on! With the help of an able WCCO engineer, Cedric talks to people he likes.*

***A typical** breakfast of Mr. and Mrs. Minneapolis is coffee for Niecy and ice cream for Cedric.*

***Fifteen-year-old** Ricky occasionally participates in his Father's broadcasts . . . doesn't really like to.*

used to flop over my desk like snakes) and presented my shining morning face at school not only at the time the bell rang, but before. Such righteous living, however, proved too much of a drain, and it soon passed off. First I'd be a little—just a little—late for school, and my conscience would bother me something awful. But, by the time a few more weeks had passed, I'd be much later, and although my parents and my teacher bothered me, my conscience wouldn't let out a peep.

When I reached that painful stage of growing up which shows up in some boys as a rash of spots and in others as a rash of High Ideals, I made other resolutions. Not that I labeled them, as before, "My Resolutions For The Coming Year"—that would have made me a square, or whatever it was we called a non-conformist in those days. But I made resolutions all the same, dealing with lofty and ennobling thoughts. With the high purpose of reforming the world. Those came to about the same inglorious end as the burrs in Mary Jane's braids.

Come to think about it, my kid resolutions were a lot more sensible than my adolescent ones. At least, I was trying to make my own private world a better place to live in, rather than taking on the whole universe single-handed. Maybe that's why so many people's New Year's vows (*Continued on page* 77)

Cedric Adams is heard on CBS, Mon.-Fri., 3:55 P.M. EST, Sat., 12:55 P.M., EST, sponsored by Pillsbury Mills.

Photographs by Darby, courtesy of McCall's

*A **bull** session of the kind that can include Mother. Here Steve, Ricky, Dave and Niecy enjoy pre-bed banter.*

What's Your New Year's Resolution?
Tell Cedric Adams—Prizes for Your Letters!

Cedric Adams would like you to write to him, in care of Radio-TV mirror, telling about the resolution you plan to make for the year 1952, and why you think making this resolution—and keeping it—will help to make your own world a better place in which to live.

Prizes Will Be Awarded As Follows:
To the writer of the best letter, in the opinion of the judges, Radio-TV Mirror's check for $100.00. To the writers of the ten next-best letters, checks for $5.00 each.

CONTEST RULES

1. Write down your New Year's Resolution for 1952, and explain, in 50 words or less, why you think this resolution will make your world a better place in which to live—why it will "brighten up your corner."
2. Address your letter to Resolutions, Radio-TV Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.
3. Letters must be postmarked no later than January 10, 1952. The coupon below or the information requested on it, must accompany your letter. No letters will be returned, nor can correspondence be entered into concerning them.
4. Letters will be judged on interest, aptness and appeal of your resolution and the reasons you give for making it. Judges will be Cedric Adams and the editors of Radio-TV Mirror Magazine.
5. Winners will be notified by mail. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Resolutions
Radio-TV Mirror Magazine
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, N. Y.

My letter giving my New Year's Resolution is attached.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**Zone**....**State**.....

the MAN behind

WARREN HULL was introduced to creator-producer, Walter Framer, and Strike It Rich two years ago. It was love at first sight. Here was the "program with a heart" he had always wanted, with its opportunities to talk to all sorts of people and help them over some particular hurdle that was blocking their happiness. When Strike It Rich went on television daily, Monday through Friday, last May 7, retaining the daily radio schedule too, and then added an extra Wednesday night TV show, Warren had doubled his opportunity for gaining a deep inward satisfaction. Maybe it's because he's a sensitive fellow who has had plenty of problems of his own that he feels such sympathy for those who, for one reason or another, get into a tight spot and need a helping hand. Maybe it's an inheritance from his Quaker minister grandfather and his parents, who kept the

Warren Hull has found a show which suits both him and his talents: Strike It Rich—"the program with a heart"

the heart

Hull household filled with visiting teachers and preachers, missionaries who told young Warren stories of noble deeds done in faraway places. It may be because he has had sole responsibility for the past six years of rearing his three sons—Paul, eighteen; George, nineteen and in college; and John, twenty-one and in the Navy.

"Whatever the reason, it's a fact that only a well-rounded, deeply understanding person could occupy the focal spot on a program like Strike It Rich," is the way one of Warren's co-workers explains how he fits the show and the show fits him. "Warren is thoroughly realistic. He knows how hard life can be at times and the difficulty some people have in getting back on their feet after, say, a siege of sickness or any (*Continued on page* 86)

Strike It Rich: M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, and Wed., 9 P.M. EST, CBS-TV; M-F, 11 A.M. EST, NBC. Sponsor: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

***Mrs. Mary** Holstein and Mrs. Ray Miles wanted to Strike It Rich for their charitable work as Daughters Of The Nile. Right, Albert Ilka's reason for needing "riches": wants to study to be a priest.*

***Mrs. Stevens** lost her large family in a bus terminal, got them together through Strike It Rich.*

***Tommi** Tempesti, a quadro-paraplegic from Boston, brought his buddies; among them they won $500.00.*

He's the

1. *Flanked by escort, Harry Mynatt and host, Jack Bailey, Queen For A Day, Lila Kern beams in anticipation of the thrills that lie ahead of her in her day in Hollywood. Lila is one of the two thousand Queens Harry has escorted for the show.*

2. *The grand tour of Hollywood starts as Harry and Queen Lila board a chauffered limousine outside of the Mutual Broadcasting Studios.*

Harry Mynatt is the personification of a million women's dreams —a combination Prince Charming and Santa Claus

IF A POLL were taken on the subject, it'd be hard to find a woman who hasn't, at some time in her life, dreamed of Prince Charming. But if you asked those same women exactly who Prince Charming is, they'd probably tell you, "Oh, he's just a figment of the imagination—like the princes on white chargers you read about in fairy stories."

Not at all—there is a real, live Prince Charming. He's every bit as tall and handsome and delightfully-mannered as the fairy-tale one. And, also like that prince, he spends his days taking women (*Continued on page* 75)

Queen For A Day, M-F, 11:30 A.M., EST on MBS. Sponsors Old Gold Cigarettes and Kraft.

Queen's Escort

3. *Next stop; the Westmore Beauty Salon. Lila smiles bravely as Perc Westmore measures her face and prepares to give her the works—a royal treatment!*

4. *Always included in the tour is dinner at one of Hollywood's famous restaurants. Here the transformed Queen and escort fish for their dinner in the stream at the rear of the Sportsmen's Lodge. If you catch a fish, the chef will cook it and serve it to you.*

5. *After some more sightseeing, another wish of the Queen's is granted . . . a stop-off at filmtown's renowned nightspot, the Mocambo. Here Lila and Harry are spotted by entertainer, Beverly Hudson and orchestra leader, Eddie Oliver, who table-hop for a chat.*

6. *The magic wand has been waved—the Queen has had her day. Last stop is the bus that will take Lila back home to San Jose with many happy memories of a wonderful day.*

***This** is the last—for publicity purposes—, picture of Garry and his sons, Garry Jr. and Mason. "A career like mine," he says, "is hard on the kids," which is why the no-publicity-shots ruling.*

***On** his daily TV show, Garry—with help of Durward Kirby and cast—deals with a little bit of everything. One thing the show doesn't do is give itself airs—it's fun, the down-to-earth kind.*

He's not, he says, a funny guy—but let Garry himself tell you what he's like

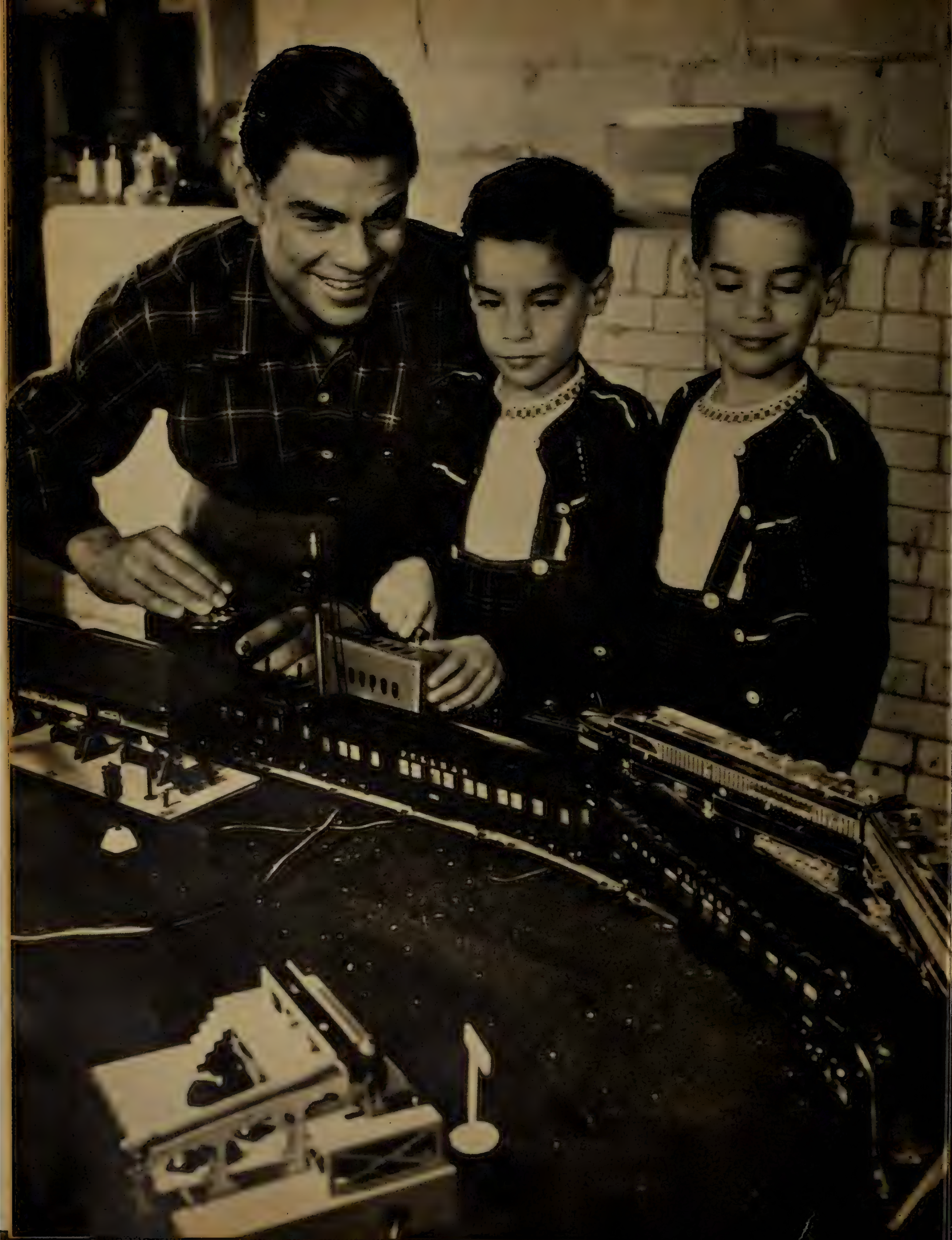
THE WAY I see it, the hardest thing in the world is to make people laugh. The worst feeling in the world is to see an audience sitting there, not cracking a smile. It's like standing face to face with failure. It's only then you realize that laughter is a tough and serious business.

In my case, I never wanted any part of the comedian's calling. I was a happy guy, working as a continuity writer for Station WBAL Baltimore, when the comedian on the show took sick. I was rushed in as the last possible substitute and believe me, at that moment, I was in no mood for laughter. It took me away from my writing, which, at the time, was (*Continued on page* 72)

Garry Moore Shows: M-F, 1:30 EST, multiple sponsors. Thurs. 8 P.M. EST, Johnson Products. Both, CBS-TV.

This is the real me

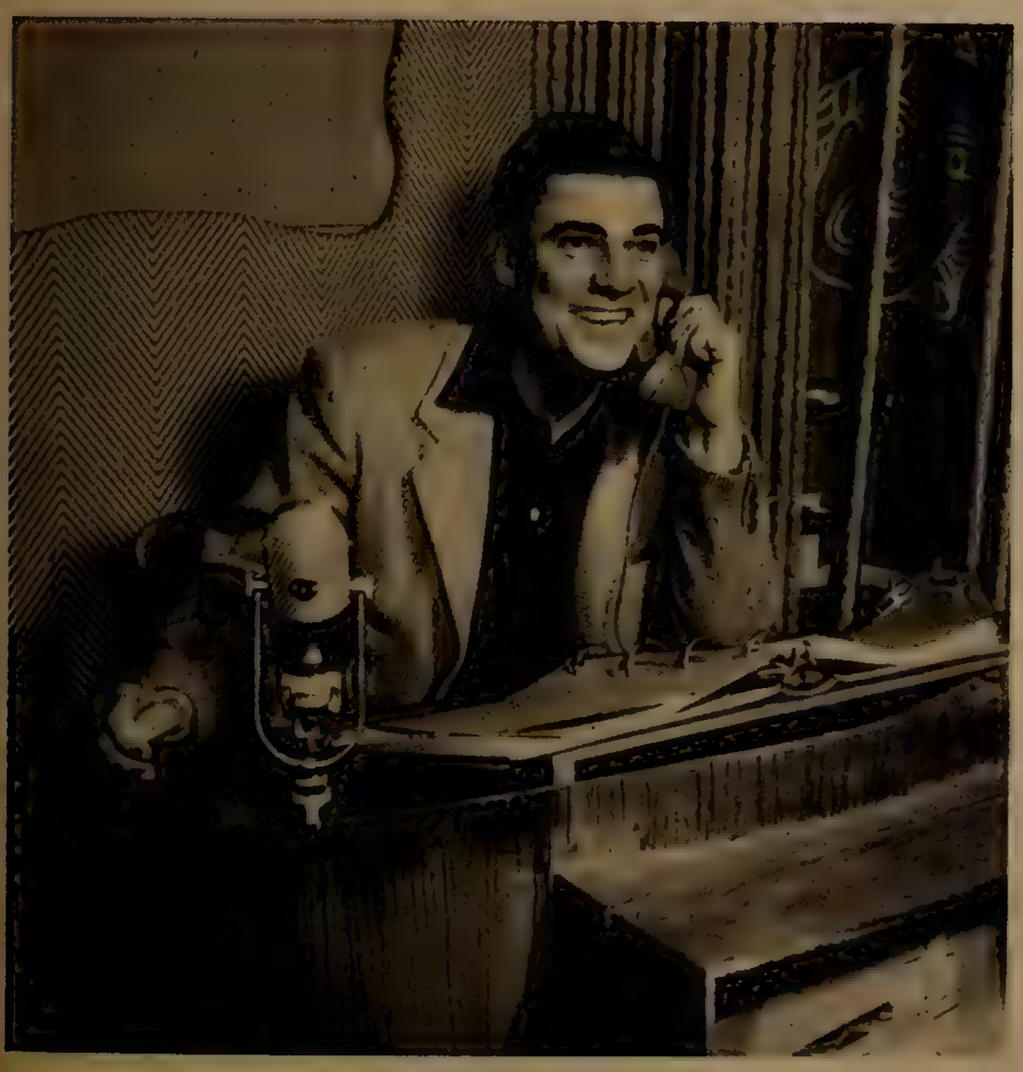
BY GARRY MOORE



Bert's a perfect father

By ANNETTE PARKS

To this father, raising children is as much a paternal as maternal affair



***Bert Parks'** zest and enthusiasm does not end with his many radio and TV commitments. He leaves business at the studio, but brings his high spirits home to match the spirits of the twins and Petty.*

***No two** ways about it. The youngest member of the Parks family is a flirt. All men are fair game . . . from her celebrity father to any male house guest.*

AS BERT PARKS' wife, I know that work and rehearsal for seven shows a week draw heavily on his energy and time. Plus that, he gives up two hours in commuting from our home in Connecticut to Manhattan studios. I know he's a beaver around the house, whether it's weeding crabgrass in the summer or shaking snow from our seventeen trees in the winter. He never lacks time for friends, relatives and neighbors. And there are so many details and business matters demanding his attention that many of his days must seem to stretch into a month. Yet as a father of three children, a tremendous responsibility in itself, Bert leaves little to be desired in his relationship to the twin boys, Jeffrey and Joel, and our youngest child, little Petty.

The twins, now going on six years, were born a month prematurely when we lived in a three-room apartment in Manhattan. We were suddenly as crowded as a second-hand furniture store. It's not so much the babies who eat up the space, but the equipment that goes with them. We had to have double amounts of everything from cribs to diapers and there were always fifteen bottles crammed into the small refrigerator. Life got a bit chaotic, but Bert pitched right in to help and he's never stopped.

That first year, Bert's mornings were free. Every day at 9:00 A.M. he wheeled the babies in the park. He was a proud, happy (*Continued on page 76*)

Bert Parks' programs include: Break The Bank on NBC-TV, Wed., 10 P.M., for Bristol-Myers. Stop The Music, ABC-TV, Thurs., 8:00 P.M. Prom, White Rain, Old Gold, Hazel Bishop, ABC, Sun., 8:00 P.M., Old Gold. The Bert Parks Show, NBC-TV, M-W-F., 3:30 P.M. for General Foods. All EST.

The problem of how to spend prize money in Berlin is perplexing, as this winner learned

DURING its recent tour of U. S. Army and Air Force installations in France, Germany and Austria, Double or Nothing awarded Anne Voolfolk of Winchester, Virginia, Special Service Hostess at the Berlin Military Post, forty dollars in prize money.

Ordinarily this would not present any momentous problem to the lucky winner. However, the current situation in Berlin makes the spending of even forty dollars a major undertaking. To show m.c. Walter O'Keefe just how far her forty dollars would go, Anne took him along on a tour of Berlin and its shops.

1. *Contestant,* *Anne Voolfolk, is pleased over her answer to a tricky question . . . an answer which seems to please every one but Walter O'Keefe, who is puzzled over which question he could have asked to receive such an answer.*

5. *From* *Meissen to a delicatessen in one easy jump. The lobster at $21 per pound again proved too rich.*

6. *Among* *the things they could afford were chocolate ice cream sticks which they enjoy as they sightsee on foot.*

7. *At* *a Soviet Memorial they tried, in vain, to get this armed Russian soldier to allow his picture to be taken.*

"DOUBLE OR NOTHING" —IN BERLIN

2. *First* *stop was for a cup of mocha in the outdoor cafe of the Park Hotel. Cost of this stop was 36 cents each.*

3. *At* *a German super-market they bought bacon at 82 cents a pound and potatoes for 2 cents a pound.*

4. *Like* *all tourists, they stopped at antique shops. The Meissen porcelain set proved too much . . . it was $834!*

8. *Their* *walk takes them to Potsdamer Platz where the American, British and Soviet sectors meet. All is quiet so they stop for Bockwursts (hot-dogs) at 12 cents each.*

9. *By* *the end of the day Walter and Anne have spent all their money, and on their way home walk down a street in the Tiergarten district where the war is still evident.*

Double or Nothing is heard M-F, 2 P.M. EST on NBC. Sponsor: Campbell's Soup.

Garroway

1. *Big as life and twice as confident, Dave approaches the unknown . . . little suspecting what fifteen minutes can bring forth.*

2. *Phone rings. Suddenly Dave finds baby Ricky being transferred to his care so that Nancy can have a really worthwhile chit-chat.*

3. *Sally takes Uncle Dave's measure. Unsuspecting, he thought she was making friends. She knew she was plotting mischief.*

Typically male, Dave thought he could manage a family and listen to radio at the same time. He tried! He found out!

CAREFULLY judging the proximity of sofa, chairs and a coffee table which bore the usual breakable gadgets, David Garroway, radio entertainer, television personality and friend of his hostess' husband, telescoped his big-boned frame to the eye level of the two-year-old daughter of the house.

With his famed diffident charm turned up full voltage, he said, "So this is Sally. You're quite a little lady."

The little lady's pretty mother, Nancy Hyer, smiled knowingly, but her voice remained perfectly even. "Say hello (*Continued on page* 71)

Dial Dave Garroway is heard Mon.-Fri., 11:45 A.M. EST over the National Broadcasting Company Network. Is sponsored by Dial Shampoo, Chiffon Flakes and Perk.

comes to visit

4. *Crisis! When Sally demanded that Dave look at her pans, Ricky snatched the food jar. Problem: how to retrieve jar without tears.*

5. *One way to rescue pans is to wear them as hats. Viewers of his show would have rolled in the aisles . . . Ricky just howled.*

6. *Dave ponders . . . what next? Should he make a move, or wait for cue from small fry? Ricky solves the problem. Demands food!*

7. *They've got him cornered! Dave decides this is the strategic moment to reveal the sack of treats he hid in living room.*

8. *One down! Sally has a sympathetic kiss for Uncle Dave, but Ricky is still more interested in the mysteries of the grab bag.*

9. *Sally is generous. She not only gave Dave a lollypop of his own, but demanded that he taste hers. Ricky plans another grab!*

The collection of Christmas plates—complete except for one—fits beautifully into the scheme of the house. Everything that was old and lovely has been carefully preserved. Chappie turned the wagon shed into a modern, well-equipped tool house.

Claudia at Breezy Hill

At first she thought cabbages

By FRANCES KISH

IT HAS taken Claudia Morgan six years to live down a remark she made the first summer after she and her husband, Ernest Chappell, bought a New Jersey farm. Showing another city girl around the half acre of truck garden, she was heard to exclaim enthusiastically, "And did you ever see such huge heads of lettuce?" The laughter this brought forth was raucous . . . because the "huge lettuce" grew in a cabbage patch!

All that is in the past now, definitely. Claudia has turned into a fine farmhand. "She not only knows her vegetables," Chappie boasts of his wife, "but she's good at driving the tractor for any of a dozen farm chores. And terrific with the flowers and the house."

Mr. P has a bridge of his own.

Claudia, of the theatrical Morgans (father, distinguished actor Ralph; mother, an actress; uncle, the late star Frank Morgan), was city born—New York—and city bred, although before she was six she had traveled with her parents through every one of the forty-eight states. From the time she was sixteen she has been connected with the stage (thirty-six Broadway plays), or in movies, or on radio—or all three at once. Presently, she's starring as Carolyn Kramer Nelson, wife of a State Governor, in NBC's daytime serial, The Right To Happiness. (*Continued on page* 66)

The Right To Happiness is heard M-F at 3:45 P.M. EST, on NBC. Sponsors, Ivory Soap, Duz and Tide.

were "huge lettuce"—but by now, Claudia Morgan's a first-class farmer

***The** gay horse which once proudly rode a merry-go-round is now a bar, was a present to Chappie from Claudia. Claudia's mother finds herself comfortably at home in the gracious living room, furnished by dint of many far-and-wide forays into antique shops.*

It's natural for a girl to take her problems to her mother.

But doesn't the mother deserve a taste of her happiness as well?

STELLA DALLAS' daughter, Laurel, is married to wealthy Richard Grosvenor, scion of a Boston, Beacon Hill family. Laurel (played by Vivian Smolen) lives with her husband and their two children in the Grosvenor mansion on Beacon Hill, a house presided over by the iron hand of Richard's mother. Mrs. Grosvenor disapproves of Stella, mainly because she was not born to society, and makes no attempt to hide her dislike. So, despite her great love for Richard and their children, Laurel's married life is beset by many problems.

In another and less fashionable section of Boston, Stella (played by Anne Elstner) runs a small sewing shop. Because of the great difference between their two worlds, and mostly for her daughter's sake, Stella is an infrequent visitor to the Grosvenor mansion. However, she is always ready and willing to help Laurel when she is in any trouble.

As a result, and because a daughter's natural instinct is to take her problems to her mother, Laurel comes frequently to see her mother to reveal her troubles and ask advice. Even though she maintains a strict policy of not interfering in her daughter's married life, Stella, in the quiet of her little sewing shop, often asks herself whether she is not missing much of life herself by her sacrifice of bearing so many of Laurel's burdens. She wonders whether she adds enough to Laurel's happiness, always foremost in Stella's mind, by sharing only her troubles and none of her joys. Is she right, Stella wonders? If she is to share only the *burdens* of her daughter's married life, should she withdraw more than she already has?

From your own experience, from that of your friends, what is *your* opinion? What do you think Stella should do? Should she share only the troubles of her married daughter's life?

RADIO-TV MIRROR MAGAZINE *will purchase readers' answers to the question: "Should a mother share only the troubles of her married daughter's life?" Writer of the best answer, in the opinion of the editors, will be paid $25.00; to writers of five next-best answers will go $5.00 each.*

What is your answer to this problem? State your views in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address it to Stella Dallas, care of RADIO-TV MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than December 1, 1951, and should have this notice attached.

***Stella Dallas** is heard Mon.-Fri., 4:15 P.M., EST on NBC. It is sponsored by Bayer Aspirin and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.*

STELLA DALLAS ASKS:

Should a mother share only the

troubles of her married daughter's life?

Still

THE HOUSE perches high on top of one of those rare hills in the San Fernando Valley. White stucco, jauntily trimmed in blue, it's surrounded by an acre of rich land on which grow persimmon and nut trees, grass that's richly green, all sorts of plants and bushes. And of course—this being California—the setting wouldn't be complete without a swimming pool. It's a happy-looking house, and happy people ought to live there.

Happy people do. Les Tremayne and Alice Reinhart, of NBC's The Woman In My House, are the proud possessors—Les and Alice who, though they've been married since 1945, still have a blissful, newly-wed look about them.

After living in New York apartments for years, they're finding all this room

All the big outdoors is theirs, now—and are they pleased! As the Tremaynes point out, who ever gets a swimming pool thrown in with the lease of a Manhattan apartment?

The secret of a successful marriage, say these two—who have one—is sharing. Les and Alice share both work and hobbies, foremost among the latter being archeology.

The house, perched atop a hill, looked as if happy people ought to live there—so Alice Reinhart and Les Tremayne took it for their own!

Honeymooning

all this sunshine, all this outdoors, just a little overwhelming. "There's nothing like it, though," Les says. And they're here to stay—radio and TV commitments permitting.

The Tremaynes are, fortunately, people who like to pick up and go when and where they feel inclined, without a lot of fuss and planning and making a big thing of it. Take the case of Les, just about a year ago. He'd finished his run in the successful play, "Detective Story," in New York. He looked around for the next job, considered radio and TV possibilities in the East, and figured what he needed (*Continued on page 74*)

The Woman In My House is heard M.-F. 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsor, Manhattan Soap.

***The** Tremaynes' small dining room is now an office—after all, they say, why not entertain outdoors in the sunshine?*

***Sculpture** is another of Les' hobbies, with masks a specialty. Alice knits beautifully, would like a knitting shop—if there's ever time for it.*

***Here** anachronisms are the convertible, the cat—and Irene herself. All else at Windsong is old. "You feel," she says, "even after a short time, that you've lived here all of your life—and you never, never want to leave!"*

***Visitors** toasted their toes in the warmth from this lovely old pine-panelled fireplace at the time of the Revolutionary War.*

***The cat,** Michele, is an important member of the household for Irene—never lonely—lives alone.*

Come and visit Irene Beasley

"I get much pleasure and relaxation just wandering the grounds, listening to the birds, leaves, wind."

Tired of apartments, of city life, Irene longed for a place where she could put down roots. She found Windsong

TIME COMES to a halt when you turn into the long tree-lined drive that leads to Windsong. The calendar seems to flip a couple of centuries back, and a whole chapter of Early American history becomes vividly alive.

Windsong, with fresh, gleaming white paint concealing the scars of its aged frame, stands in quiet dignity on the rolling green countryside of Ardsley, New York—a restful hamlet in suburban Westchester County. There it has stood for more than 200 years, yet it appears untouched by modern hands, its beauty only mellowed by the long interval. So captivating is its colonial charm you might fancy you hear the strains of "Yankee Doodle." But, more than likely, you'd catch the melody of a popular, present-day tune, for the mistress of Windsong is songstress Irene Beasley, whose musical quiz show, Grand Slam, is heard daily on CBS.

Speaking with the authority and reverence of a Daughter of the American Revolution, Irene can rattle off the nomenclature of almost every plank and stone within Windsong's eight spacious rooms, or trace the lineage of the stately elms, (*Continued on page* 88)

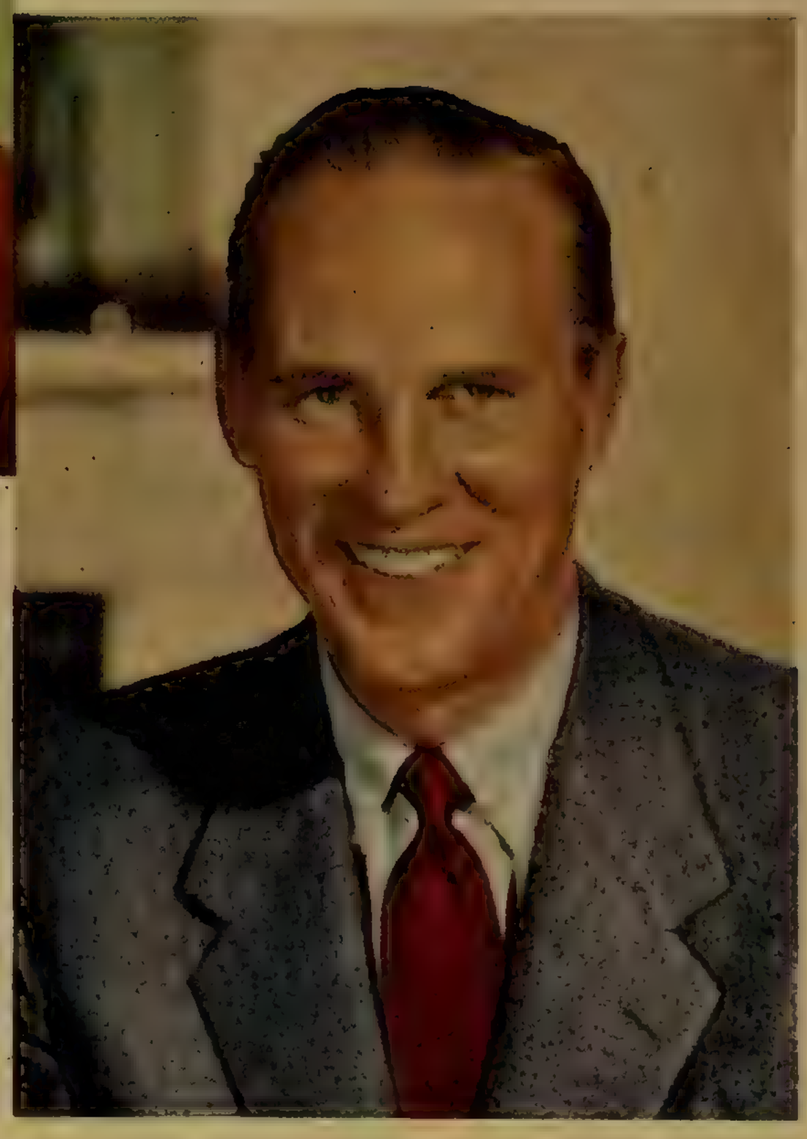
Adding to it each day, by the weekend Irene has a formidable list of chores lined up for herself.

Irene Beasley emcees Grand Slam, heard Mon.-Fri. at 11:30 A.M. EST, over CBS. Sponsored by Wonder Bread, Hostess Cupcakes.

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH

Road

***Jocelyn** McLeod (Anne Sargent) came to Merrimac in search of a cure for a rare disease she contracted in Samoa. Almost at first sight, Dr. Jim Brent (Don MacLaughlin) fell in love with her, despite age differences.*



***At one** time in love with Jim who saved her life, Maggie Lowell Dana (Helen Lewis) is now happily married to Jim's good friend Frank Dana (Lyle Sudrow), crusading owner and editor of the local* Merrimac Herald.

***On his** return from the war, "Butch" Brent (Bill Lipton), Jim's adopted son, married Francie (Eileen Palmer). At first suspicious and caustic —a product of the school of hard knocks—Francie has become a sweet, loving wife.*

Dr. Jim Brent's

# of Life

As story opened, Jim Brent (then played by Ken Griffin) was engaged to Mary Holt... split up when he met Carol.

***In** City Hospital's third floor chart room are kindly Doc Thompson (Sidney Breeze), a nurse, and Sylvia Bertram (Lois Zarley). Carol Evans (then played by Louise Fitch) was more interested in seeing Jim keep his ideals than win worldly success. This is why she so resented Sylvia's advice to Jim.*

THE initial broadcast of Road of Life, created by Irna Phillips and now written by John M. Young and Charles Gussman, took place on September 13, 1937 in Chicago, which at that time was the home base for many of radio's daytime serials. However, unlike the majority of the daytimers, the locale of Road of Life was not "a typical small town, U.S.A."—it was Chicago, itself.

The central figure then, as now, was Dr. Jim Brent, first introduced as a young interne with a brilliant future as a surgeon . . . an idealistic young man who progressed step by step up the ladder to become surgical assistant to Dr. Reginald Parsons, Chief of Staff of City Hospital in Chicago. During this time Jim was courting divorcee Carol Evans, sister of one of his doctor friends, Bill Evans.

At the time Jim was gaining widespread recog-

Road of Life is heard Monday through Friday, 3:15 P.M. EST over NBC radio network. Sponsored by P&G's Crisco.

Road of Life has not always been smooth, but it has been inspiring!

For more Pictures turn the Page

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH

Road of Life

Calculating *Sylvia Bertram finally married Dr. Parsons because she thought he would be more successful than Jim. The marriage ended in a divorce.*

Proud *and arrogant Dr. Reginald Parsons (Reese Taylor) was his own worst enemy . . . his jealousy lost him his job of Chief of Staff to Dr. Jim Brent.*

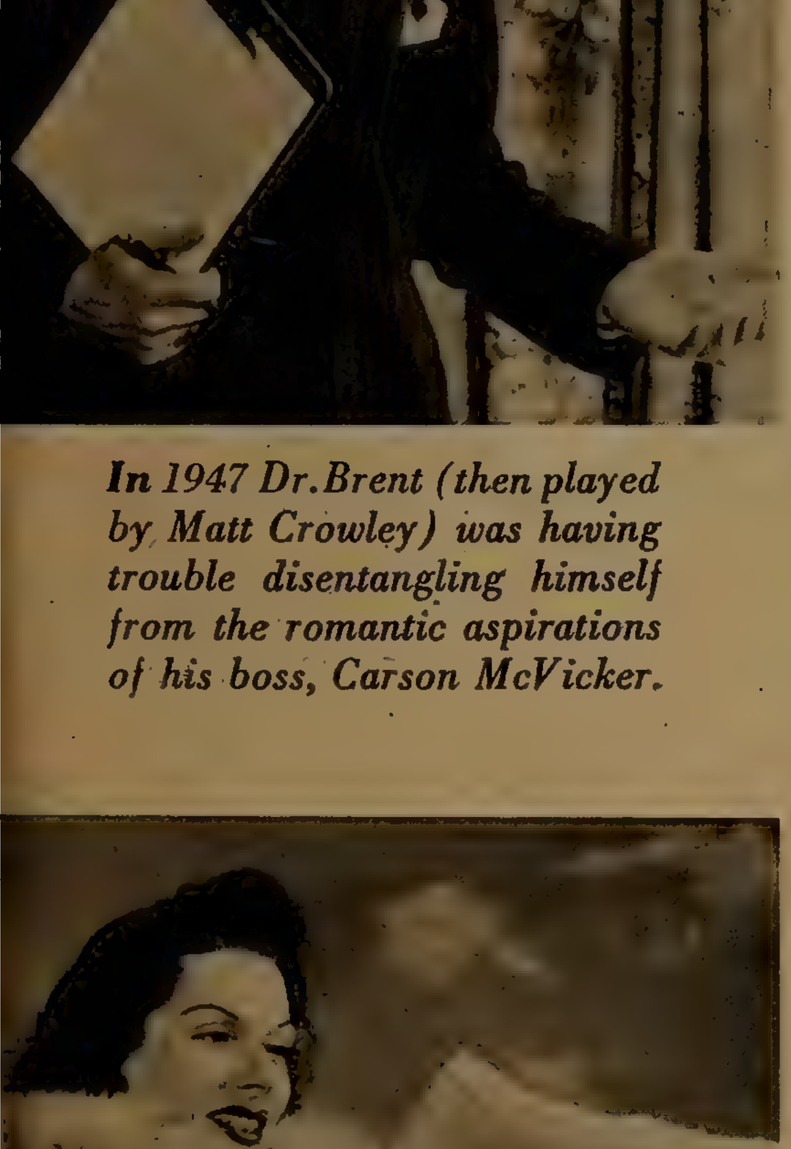
Helen *Gowan Parson's life (Muriel Bremner) was made tragic by Dr. Parsons who divorced her, took their son, refused to let her see him.*

nition in the field of surgery, he was accidentally shot through the hand in a quarrel. Dr. Parsons, who by now had become extremely jealous of his young assistant, convinced Jim that the injury would be permanent and bring to a close his career as a surgeon. Completely defeated by this setback, Jim left for Pine Cone Ridge Sanitarium where he met Dr. Thompson and Sylvia Bertram who were instrumental in putting him back on his feet again. He later returned to City Hospital (fully recovered), and in due course became Chief of Staff, replacing Dr. Parsons. As Chief of Staff of his Alma Mater, Jim's ambition was to make City Hospital a symbol of perfection. To accomplish this, he brought in top specialists to City's staff. This, plus his professional jealousy of Jim as well as his romantic jealousy over Carol, lead Dr. Frasier to initiate a campaign against Jim. Jim's position was seriously threatened, but eventually the Board weeded out the truth, and the matter was cleared up.

In December, 1942 Carol and Jim finally were married. Also during this year, Jim adopted a young orphan boy whom he named John, and nicknamed Butch. Settling down after his marriage, Jim proceeded to devote more and more time to his work . . . became a man dedicating his life to his profession. Carol rebelled at becoming secondary to his work and, for a time, thought of leaving him. However, approaching motherhood put a stop to this.

Before the baby arrived, Jim was again "framed" by Dr. Frasier . . . this time discharged from the hospital. On the way to Johns Hopkins to interview for a position on their staff, Jim received a blow on the head by kidnappers, which resulted in amnesia. During this sequence he believed his name to be John Hopkin. He finally escaped from his kidnappers, and picked up a job as farm hand with a family by the name of Richards. Here he met Faith Richards, a young girl suffering from functional paralysis. Without realizing why, Jim took a great interest in this girl and did all he could to help her learn to walk. While staying with the Richards, he fell in love with Faith's widowed sister-in-law, Elizabeth, and after a reasonable length of time

In 1947 Dr. Brent (then played by Matt Crowley) was having trouble disentangling himself from the romantic aspirations of his boss, Carson McVicker.



***Lovely,** wealthy and wilful Dr. Carson McVicker (played by Charlotte Manson) escaped to Merrimac to recover from unrequited love.*

***It** was through a portrait of lovely Carol Brent (then played by Marion Shockley) and her daughter, Janie, painted by Irwin Daley (John Briggs), that Carol was offered a job by a cosmetic company. This began the business career which turned her into a shrew . . . and caused her death.*

For more Pictures turn the Page

THROUGH THE YEARS WITH

Road of Life

***Butch** Brent (originally played by Lawson Zerbe) married flamboyant Francie (played then and now by Eileen Palmer), whose orphanage childhood left her fearful of poverty. Hard, callous, ill-educated, she first regarded Butch merely as her key to security.*

***Dr.** Carson McVicker (currently played by Luise Barclay) has recovered her emotional equilibrium and is now happy to be Jim's good friend and confidant.*

plans were set for the marriage.

At this point, the authorities located Jim. Even though he still could not remember Carol or the past, Jim agreed to return to Chicago. His old friend Dr. Thompson did everything in his power to induce a restoration of memory. During this time Carol's baby, Janie, was born. Shortly thereafter, Carol decided to step aside and bring Jim and Elizabeth together again. She induced Elizabeth to come to Chicago, and on their return from the railroad station their car was in a smashup. Elizabeth was critically injured, and Dr. Frasier was the only surgeon available to operate on her in what appeared to be a losing fight. The strain of standing by helplessly brought back Jim's memory—at the last minute he stepped in and saved her life. With the regaining of his memory, of course, his love returned to Carol.

Back on the City staff, Jim worked with a patient, Faith Richards (now a stranger to him), helping her to overcome her paralysis. This brought him, once again, in contact with Elizabeth. Carol, who had often been unreasonably possessive and jealous, sensed danger, and a breach between Jim and Carol set in. She transferred her affection to her child, and after a time set off for Reno. In 1945, while Carol was in Reno, Jim left City Hospital to devote himself to neuro-psychiatric work. In that capacity he was engaged as assistant Chief of Staff of New York Neuro-Psychiatric Hospital. His Chief was, and still is, Carson McVicker, beautiful heiress whose interest in psychiatry is the result of a nervous breakdown she had when she was nineteen. Carol, having changed her mind about a divorce, joined Jim in New York and found in glamorous Carson the most fertile soil to date for her irrational jealousy. Carson's husband, Harry Fowler, then reappeared and concocted a plot which climaxed in an unsuccessful attempt to force Jim to kill Carson (who was then his patient). In her highly emotional state, Carson revealed her love for Jim, with the result that on her recovery, she left for Merrimac, Pennsylvania, to regain control of herself. Here she stayed with Lottie and A. J. Simpson, where she met and fell in love

For a reason that even she could not explain, Francie did not trust the apparent peace in the Brent home when Carol returned after being reported killed in a plane crash. What she did not know was that Carol was an imposter . . . actually, Beth Lambert (played by Jan Miner).

***Frank** Dana (originally played by John Larkin), former war correspondent, came to Merrimac for a rest. His sharp tongue made Carson build the Wheelock Hospital.*

with Frank Dana. Although she did not marry him, it was through Frank that she was inspired to build the Theodore Wheelock Memorial Hospital, where she and Jim are now working happily side by side.

Meanwhile, Carol turned to a business career . . . a turn of events which completely changed her character, and eventually caused her death at the hands of notorious Kurt Rockwell. During this episode Frank Dana rescued Maggie Lowell from an attempted suicide. Learning that she was a laboratory technician, Carson gave her a job at the Hospital where she and Jim gradually came to love each other. Some months after Carol was first, and falsely, announced as having been killed in a plane crash, Maggie and Jim decided to marry. On their wedding day, Jim received a telegram announcing the return of Carol. In reality, Carol had by now been done away with by Rockwell and his gang, and Beth Lambert, who looked enough like Carol to have been her identical twin, and who had been coached to speak and act like Carol, returned in her place to try to uncover the Government secrets Jim was working on in the laboratory. Beth eventually fell in love with Jim, and revealed the plot. During this period Maggie realized that in the case of Jim she had mistaken gratitude for love, and that she was really in love with Frank who had been vying with Jim for Maggie's affections. So, Maggie and Frank were married, and have been living happily ever since. Once again Jim found himself alone. He could not forgive Beth. Then Jocelyn McLeod, foster niece of wealthy Conrad Overton, came to Merrimac for treatment of a rare disease she contracted in Samoa. Jim was immediately attracted to this lovely young girl, but strove unsuccessfully to detach himself from her as he believed the difference in their ages too great. Eventually, Jocelyn's illness was cured. But during her stay Jocelyn had uncovered some things about her foster uncle that he wanted kept *his* secret. So Jocelyn and Jim (because of his interest in her) have become a serious threat to Conrad, who is using all his power to oust Jim from the Hospital. Once more Jim's professional career is at stake.

***Bob,** left, and Ray, right, place the burden of confusion of their thirty vocal impersonations on an NBC mike.*

INSIDE BOB and RAY

IF YOUR radio seems tired, run-down, irritable, try NBC's new team of Bob and Ray, a double playful combination that's more relaxing than the three-way stretch.

The difference is noticeable right from the rather startling opening announcement "Bob and Ray take great pleasure in presenting the National Broadcasting Company" and continues to the signoff, "Portions of this program were on microfilm." In between, the boys gleefully take pot shots at stuffed shirts of any stripe, pomposity in every form, and oftentimes, themselves. Artful mimics, the two men can imitate any of thirty voice characters and often do. Listeners hear "Tex" who represents all over-drawled Western singers, "Webley Webster," Czar of the sidetrack, who conducts all the forums, "Uncle Eugene" the inhuman encyclopedia who has an answer to everything whether you ask a question or not, and "Arthur Sturdley" best described as being a devilish square-square-square.

The team of Bob and Ray got together quite by accident early in 1946 while both were staff announcers at station WHDH in Boston. Ray was assigned to read the newscasts on Bob's morning disc jockey show, and one morning he stayed in the studio to exchange some on-the-air pleasantries. They became fast friends, their humor matched well, and they began working regularly as a team. Before long, practically every Bostonite came to work with a chuckle borrowed from the Bob and Ray breakfast time fast patter.

Bob was born in Boston and grew up (*Continued on page* 83)

Bob and Ray can be heard on NBC, Mon-Fri., 5:45-6:00 P.M. EST, and on Sat., at 8:30-9:00 P.M. EST. Also heard on WNBC Mon-Fri., 6:00-8:30 A.M. EST.

Boston brought forth these two boys, but doesn't claim credit for the bedlam

Mary McGoon, *vaguely talented socialite and clubwoman, gives easily forgotten hints for home lighting.*

Bosco, *popular sports reporter phones in scoop story just eight days late with all details but the score.*

Arthur Sturdley *owns 20 Hawaiia shirts with a clean change of ukulele for each but still is a fierce bore.*

*(**Bob and Ray** have intense loyal feeling about their hardworking engineers and insist that all magazine stories include a picture of these alert co-workers.)*

Tex, *now, is a right friendly Western type singer fellow, loves people he does, he really does, likes them a lot. People like Tex too. Most people, that is.*

they have raised on one radio network.

Just for fun—

Tired of the same old parties? Take a tip

1. *First course* *was served at the Starks' stunning New York apartment. Mrs. S. (Kathi Norris) prepares hors d'oeuvres with 6-year-old Pamela.*

2. *The* *last couple has arrived at the Starks', and the fun starts. Hostess Kathi chats a moment with Pat Hosley, who came with Jackie Kelk, at her right. Next to Jackie are Ed Herlihy and Jack Quinlan. On Kathi's right are Roberta Quinlan, Wilbur Stark, Jeanne Herlihy.*

WANT TO do some share-the-work-and-fun holiday entertaining? Then pattern a party after this one given by four famous TV-radio stars. First course, drinks and appetizers, was at Kathi Norris's, star of DuMont's Kathi Norris Show, shopping-interview program. Her husband is Wilbur Stark, who produces and appears on Kathi's show and is producer of half a dozen others. Here are a few of the tasty hors d'oeuvres:

Make tiny fishcakes. Chill, roll in bread crumbs, fry in deep fat. Serve hot, on toothpicks. Men love 'em!

Scoop out center of long loaf of Vienna bread, stuff with minced ham. Chill until cold; slice in very thin pieces.

Blend finely chopped tuna with mayonnaise, onion juice. Spread on triangles of toast.

Also serve deviled eggs, olives, potato chips, cheese tidbits; your own favorites.

Kathi Norris Show is on DuMont daily, Mon. through Fri. 11-12 noon EST. Partic. sponsors.

3. *Kathi's* *glassware carries astrological signs, fun to start the conversation. Someone finds an astrology book and Ed Herlihy looks up a bright future for that blonde, Roberta, which Kathi wholeheartedly approves.*

HOLIDAY SPECIAL

Next Course, Next Page

Progressive Dinner

from four TV stars and plan this different kind of holiday celebration

1. *Second Course.* *The party now moves a few blocks to Jackie Kelk's candle-lighted dining room. A delicious shrimp salad is served buffet style, so that guests can wander through his luxurious new bachelor apartment.*

BACHELOR Jackie Kelk called in Patricia Hosley to help him plan his part of the party. Pat plays Jackie's girl friend, Nancy, on the Young Mr. Bobbin TV show. (Remember him as Homer on The Aldrich Family for twelve years?) Their contribution was to whip up a wonderful shrimp salad, and just like a man he took the easy way out—served it buffet, with take-your-choice dressing, Russian or cocktail sauce. Everybody loved that because they could heap their plates with shrimps and try both the sauces. There was stuffed celery (with Roquefort cheese), delicious! And plates of green and ripe olives and little gherkins. By this time no one was feeling famished—after Kathi's collection of hors d'oeuvres and the sorties into the shrimps, so there was talk and a dance or two. Then they piled into cars and headed for the Herlihy house, out on Long Island, in Forest Hills, where the main course of the dinner was waiting for them—along with three excited Herlihy kids!

Jackie Kelk is seen as Young Mr. Bobbin, Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, NBC-TV. Sponsor, Jell-O.

2. *What* *d'ye know? Husbands and wives actually pairing off for a moment! The Quinlans, the Herlihys (with Pat Hosley) and the Starks. And host Jackie at long last getting his chance at the shrimps and fancy trimmings.*

3. *Time* *to go on to the next course and the next home. Jackie snuffs the candles, with assisting puffs from Pat and some applause from Jeanne Herlihy.*

Next Course, Next Page

Just for fun—

1. ***Third Course,*** *at the Herlihys' home, supervised by Jeanne's mother and by Evangeline.*

2. ***Scene:*** *Herlihys' dining room in their delightful Forest Hills house. Cast: around table l to r, Jack, Jackie, Kathi, Ed and Jeanne, Roberta, Wilbur, Pat. Occasion: hilarious high point of the evening. Ed carves the roast by the book, supplemented with hints from Jeanne!*

3. ***Ed*** *demonstrates to the "boys" how he winds up when watching Jackie's TV show —on all fours, as Silver for three-year-old, Steve, and eight-year-old, Donald.*

AT ED HERLIHY'S house the party was joined by Jeanne Herlihy's mother, Mrs. Graham, and the Herlihy children; even little Steve who insisted on waiting up to see his favorite TV girls, Roberta and Kathi. Incidentally, Kathi's little Pamela could hardly wait to see *her* favorites, Ed (for his Date in Manhattan and the Sunday Children's Hour) and Roberta and Jackie, which only proves that no performers are celebrities to their own offspring, but simply mother or dad. Jeanne Herlihy had planned a sit-down main course of baked ham, a crusty, cheese-topped potato pie (mouth-watering!), and a tossed salad of which everyone took even third helpings, made of Iceberg and Romaine lettuce, escarole, tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs, beets, Swiss and Roquefort cheese, bits of tongue, ham, some carrots, and wonderful seasonings. There was after-dinner dancing and talk down in the basement playroom, before going on to Quinlans'.

Date in Manhattan, WNBT, 12:30-1:00 P.M. EST, Participating sponsors. Horn & Hardart Children's Hour, WNBT-WNBC simulcast, Sun., 10:30-11:30 A.M. EST.

Next Course, Next Page

Progressive Dinner

1. *Fourth Course.* *A short walk to the Quinlans' apartment, and Roberta gets to work on the pie and coffee course, with Bonga wondering what all the fuss is about at this late hour.*

2. *One* *mirror-covered wall reflects a party now going in full swing, with everybody insisting they won't be able to eat again for a week, and each hostess congratulating the others (and bachelor Kelk) on the wonderful food and fun all provided.*

FOUR GAY couples now invaded the Quinlans' apartment for Roberta's hot cherry pie.

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 2½ tablespoons tapioca
- 1 cup cherry juice
- 2½ cups canned red cherries, drained

One 2-crust recipe for pastry

Combine tapioca, sugar, salt, butter, cherries and cherry juice. Let stand about 15 minutes, or while making your favorite recipe for pie crust. Line a 9-inch pie plate with half the pastry, rolled ⅛ inch thick. Fill with cherry mixture. Moisten edge of pastry with ice water. Adjust top crust. Bake in hot oven (450 F.) fifteen minutes. Decrease heat to moderate (350 F.) and bake until filling is cooked, about thirty minutes. Serve hot, with dab of hard sauce for each slice, made by creaming together ½ cup brown sugar with ½ cup butter. Sauce is made in advance and put in the refrigerator to harden before serving.

Roberta Quinlan Show, NBC, M-W-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, Mohawk Showroom, NBC-TV, M-W-F, 7:30 P.M. EST.

3. *The* *gang just naturally gravitated to the piano in Roberta's lovely living room and raised some mighty good voices. Jackie's finale, "Goodnight Sweetheart," was not universally acclaimed, but the Progressive Dinner was. "Grand fun. Let's do it again," they said.*

This is my life

Recently married to Brooks West, Eve had a ready-made

***Eve Arden** and Brooks West were married last August 24 while jointly starred in a summer theatre production at Ivoryton, Connecticut. Now, both are in Hollywood and at work—and enjoying the family feeling of life with Eve's two little adopted daughters, Liza, six, Connie, three.*

The house we live in—"we" being, besides myself, my new husband, Brooks West, and our six-year-old Liza and three-year-old Connie—nestles high in the Hollywood Hills. Approached from the street it has the small, ivy-grown, comfortable look that makes the difference between a house and a home. On clear days the view is wonderful—from the south windows, all Southern California is spread out at our feet, the Pacific beyond.

Beside the immediate family, there are other inmates of our household . . . a housekeeper and a nurse for the children. Also considered members of the family are Nipper, the dachshund, and Ham and Schlem—full names, Hammacher, Schlemmer—Siamese cats. Ham and Schlem arrived last Christmas in this manner: Liza's Christmas list requested twenty cats, two dogs, one baby brother. I've always felt children should grow up with pets. I went to a pet store in quest of a tiger-striped kitten to fill at least part of Liza's order. A cage was open and a tiny Siamese kitten leaped into my lap, ran up my arm, cuddled happily into my neck and set to work washing my left ear. Of course, I was sold on sight. To keep the one company, I bought his brother as well. Hence, Ham and Schlem.

I maintain that the older generation can pass on to the younger only three things: a life philosophy, an example, and the equipment to be able to *do*. In the "doing" department, Liza, for instance, is already a great homemaker in her own right. She started to cook at four and, of course, made some bad mistakes—but they were her own mistakes She learned, for example, about getting burned. Now, she can bake a cake as efficiently as an adult, understands oven temperatures, operates the electric mixer, understands why there must be a balance of ingredients and what each does for the finished cake. (Sure, it took time and patience to teach her—but it was such fun! And besides, this teaching is what we owe our children.) Liza also plays piano. There are, in early stages of learning a new piece,

family—Connie and Liza—for him

By EVE ARDEN

pauses through which you could drive a ten-ton truck, while she figures out the next chord. But eventually she masters the score. She likes to mimic me, too. There was the time she was taken to the Brown Derby for dinner, where she tasted a caper for the first time. She savored it a moment, then turned her head to one side and announced, "Gad! I *like* this thing!"

We're trying to teach the children to begin learning—and enjoying—the care of their own clothes. Connie and Liza each have their own shoe-polish kits, are expected to keep their shoes in gleaming condition. They don't do too fancy a job, but that's not the point. Saturday nights after they have gone to sleep, I add a finishing touch so they're properly chic for Sunday.

Entertaining at our house usually takes the form of small sit-down dinners. I think six is a comfortable number. At these dinners I serve my meat loaf. Here's how:

Buy: 2 lbs. ground round
¾ lb. ground veal
¾ lb. ground pork

Mix well together.

Add: 1 raw egg, beaten
1 scant cup cracker crumbs
chopped scallions to taste
bunch parsley, chopped—not too fine
1 cup blanched almonds
1½ cans tomato paste

Mix well. Then press the mixture well down into an oval mixing bowl, smoothing the top. Up-end the bowl over a cast iron skillet, so a mound of meat loaf is formed in the pan. Use the remaining half can of tomato paste for basting purposes as you cook for one hour in a 300° oven. This serves six to eight. With it, I serve a tossed green salad, one green vegetable, pumpernickel bread, cream puffs topped with pineapple ring and cherry, coffee.

Eve Arden is Our Miss Brooks, Sundays at 6:30 P.M. EST, over CBS. Sponsored by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

Eve's collection of pewter and milk glass is dear to her heart—she cares for it herself and no one else is allowed to handle it. Eve believes in starting early to prepare her daughters for a well-rounded womanhood. Both Connie and Liza are being taught to cook—Liza can bake a wonderful cake.

it happened to Me!

EVER SINCE I was six I have been stage-struck. I chose dramatic school rather than college, and served a rigorous apprenticeship in USO camp shows and in summer stock. Back in New York, I got the chance to audition for Kraft Television Theatre, through luck and hard work. Here is how it looked to me, pretending I'm the Camera!

Kraft Theatre is seen on NBC-TV every Wednesday evening at 9:00-10:00 P.M. EST. It is sponsored by Kraft Foods

By PATRICIA JENKINS

1. ***I had*** *passed the audition and got on the casting list. Next I was called to read for a specific part, along with four other girls. We studied our scripts as we waited for the receptionist to call each in turn. Finally she beckoned to me. I got an encouraging smile from the girl beside me as I rose.*

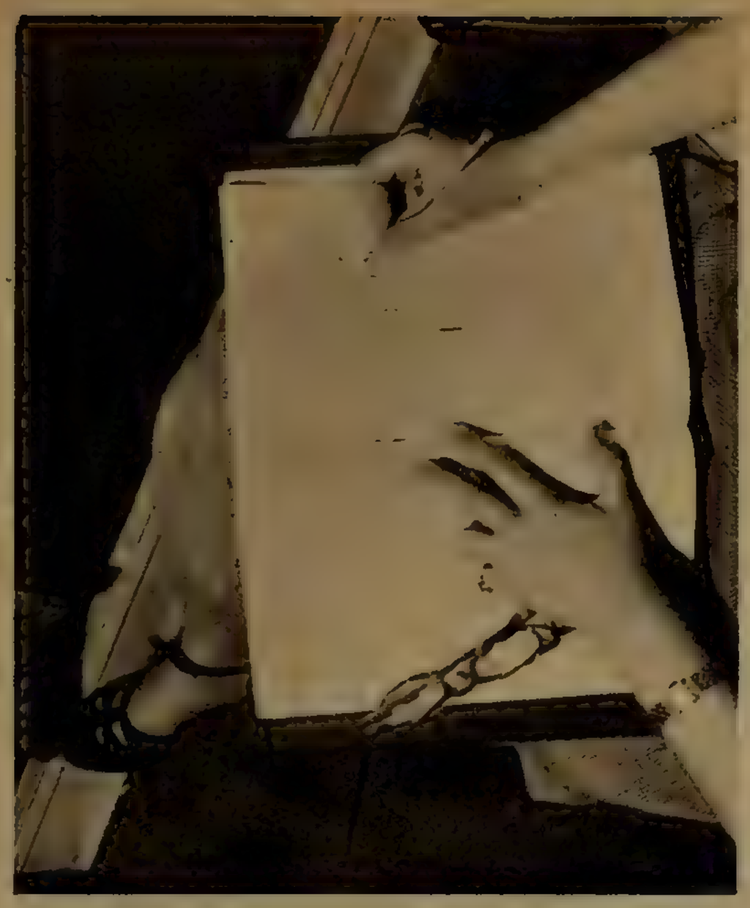
5. ***Dick Goode*** *had prepared miniature sets to help cast and crew plan their movements. He showed me where I would make my first entrance and gave me an over-all view of the setting.*

6. ***Dick Goode*** *now showed me how to handle the gun called for by the script. All this is only part of the work that television demands of an actress who wants to be a success.*

7. ***Then*** *we went to the studio in Radio City where actual sets would be erected. We rehearsed and the floor manager marked where my foot should stay during an important scene.*

The place, Kraft T V Theatre. The occasion, a starlet's

2. ***Director*** *Dick Goode, substituting for Maury Holland, put the master script into my hand and read with me. We finished, he thanked me, and I left, quite sure I hadn't got the part.*



3. ***No*** *photographer could have caught the way my hand trembled with excitement when I got the role. Then forty sides of dialogue—all had to be learned by the following week.*

4. ***My*** *big scene required a quick change and the NBC costume department gave me an extra-long zipper. While costume lines were being studied, I was going over lines in my script.*

8. ***I had*** *now lived with the role for more than a week, and this was the day of the broadcast. After a short dinner break I answered make-up call, scared how I'd come out. Luckily, o.k.*

9. ***During*** *break between dress rehearsal and broadcast I had a moment when I wished I could still be behind the camera. Then I decided my job was just as wonderful—and it was!*

first big break!

Outdoor-girl Ann Andrews vocalizes from a haystack.

Down on the Farm

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Man on the Farm: Saturday, 12 Noon EST, MBS. Sponsored by Quaker Oats.

To this remodeled chicken coop studio in Illinois come visitors from all over the country to chat with the Man on the Farm, himself, Chuck Acree.

***When** emcee Chuck Acree, Reggie Cross, harmonica-playing comedian, organist Porter Heaps and George Menard, singing announcer, get together, gags fly.*

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R M

Circus

Junior Mirror

Jack Sterling is the ringmaster on Big Top, Saturday at 12 Noon EST, on CBS-TV stations.

A Big Top Party

By Jack Sterling

A CIRCUS party really has no age limit. But these party suggestions are strictly for the small fry whether mother organizes it or Junior takes over. Everything is planned with a minimum of expense so that props can be made by parent and child.

Decorations: To convert a room into the "Big Top," strips of colored crepe paper can be attached to a light fixture in the ceiling and attached at the other end to side walls with cellulose tape. A big balloon can be suspended to hide the centerpiece.

Order of entry: Every circus starts off with a parade. The entrance into the "Big Top" is always to the left of the bandstand. The drum major leads the band in, followed by the ringmaster, animals, clowns and performers. They all circle the ring once, the band takes its place and the ringmaster takes over. (The performers normally make an exit until it is their turn to appear but in the case of a party they would, of course, be both audience and performers.)

Drum major or majorette: Everyone knows what their uniforms look like but all you really need is a big baton (broomstick) painted or wrapped with colored crepe paper.

Bandsmen: They can wear Sam Browne belts made of crepe paper and paper caps. Harmonicas, ukuleles, kazoos, etc. will do for instruments.

Ringmaster: The top hat can be made out of a round cardboard box like those that contain oatmeal cereals. Put a cardboard rim on it and paint it black. Paint on a mustache with a black eyebrow pencil or burnt cork. The microphone can be made from an empty tin of concentrated orange juice with a trailing rope for the wire. Now all he needs is a whistle and booming voice.

Animals: Let the children take their dogs and cats and with a little crepe paper and imagination make them into ferocious animals to be led in with chains or in cages made from crates.

Performers: Little girls who are in dancing classes and have ballerina outfits already look the part of trapeze and acrobatic artists. Boys, too, can wear gym suits. And freaks are easy to imitate: the fat man with a little stuffing, the tallest man in the world with stilts, the bearded lady with a paper beard, etc. Comic clown costumes are easily put together with old, out-sized clothes and shoes. Face can be made with eyebrow pencil to outline mouth and eyebrows. Use mother's lipstick and rouge to circle eyes and make a red nose. For a bald head, cut the top off a stocking and make a cap of it.

Circus Acts:

1. Jugglers: the children have seen performers balance spinning plates on top of poles. This can be imitated with tin pans nailed to the top of broomsticks to fake the real thing.
2. Tumbling acts and pyramids by the boys.
3. Dancing by the girls.
4. Exhibit of animals and animal tricks.
5. Solos by any young musicians.
6. Egg throwing by clowns. Clowns come running into the ring and throw eggs at the audience. Of course, the shells are empty. Mother can collect them while cooking by puncturing the bottoms of eggs and letting yolks and whites drain out rather than cracking them.

Contests and games:

1. Prizes for the best costumes, funniest clown, best freak, etc.

***Big** Top party ice cream treat in shape of clown's head can be made with raisins and cones. Cone is the hat, scoop, the head and raisins become the face.*

2. Prizes for the best performing animals.
3. A tight-wire walking contest with a rope stretched across the room at the dazzling height of one foot or if that's impossible just a string looped around the floor.
4. Elephant game. Two sides line up. The starter has a double peanut in shell clenched between his teeth. He passes it on down the row, no one using hands and the side that reaches the end first is the winner.
5. Imitation of animals are always fun. Monkeys, roaring lions, etc., set up another fine vehicle for a game.

Food: Popcorn and peanuts are, of course, naturals. Candied apples on sticks are easy to make. You merely cook a sirup as you would do for glazed fruit, add a few drops of coloring and dip the apples. You can sprinkle on coconut shreds to make them extra fancy.

CLAUDIA AT BREEZY HILL

(*Continued from page* 39) Claudia and Chappie bought the farm in a Christmas blizzard. A friend, who had once been a guest at the farmhouse and had fallen in love with it, took them out to look at the then-unoccupied house, because he wanted to see it again. It was only partially furnished at the time, but the Chappells gave each other a what-we-could-do-with-this-place look and the following March they moved in, and have been proving ever since what they could do. That's almost seven years ago.

The farm has 130 acres, and they rent an additional 170. They grow their own grain, their corn, oats and wheat, much of it to feed the chickens and hogs. Chappie is a director of the New Jersey Yorkshire Breeders' Association and they own one of the finest herds of Yorkshire hogs in the state. In season, they have a couple of thousand chickens and hope by next year to have several thousand more.

The 200-year-old house, made of fieldstone with green trim, is set on top of a ridge. Behind it the hills rise dramatically, and below the valleys and rolling land spread for many miles. Three acres of smooth green lawn surround the house—enough grass to require a light tractor and a golf course mower.

They built a fieldstone bungalow which their good friends, the John McEvoys, rent. The stone garage has been turned into another tenant house. The original barn, of the native fieldstone, is still in use. The old wagon house is now a completely equipped toolhouse, where Chappie works on his carpentering and mechanical projects. "At which he's a whiz," Claudia assures you. Chappie, by the way, is the Ernest Chappell you hear on radio and TV—as commentator and announcer on such programs as The Big Story, Quiet Please and the Armstrong Circle Theatre.

The original portion of the main house on Breezy Hill has twenty-two-inch thick walls, and the foundation still has the old musket placements which go back to the days of Indian attacks.

Chappie points out an interesting architectural note in the different levels on which the house is built. The ground level in back, for the dining room and kitchen, is a whole floor lower than the front ground level, for the living room, and in between is a third level, for the library. Interesting, too, are the original fieldstone inside walls of the living and dining rooms and the dark old beams that were put there when the first rooms were built.

Everything that was old and lovely in the house has been carefully preserved, no matter how much new has been added. Fine old wood has been rubbed and coaxed back to its original lustre. The two huge fireplaces in the living room and those in the dining room and den are just as they were when the house was young. Claudia has always loved antiques and her New York apartment, a high-ceilinged place in the East Sixties, with spacious rooms, was filled with them. Now many of her finest pieces have been trucked out to the farm, which is on the outskirts of the little town of Glen Gardner. She and Chappie haunt the small shops for good buys, and go to as many auctions as their crowded radio schedules permit.

The blue and white B & G Copenhagen Christmas plate collection is now at the farm, with only one plate missing. "Buyers all over Europe are keeping their eyes open for that missing plate," Claudia says. "It's one of my dreams to have the complete set." She has a souvenir spoon collection that her grandmother started and to which her mother added, and two windows full of chickens, mostly china and glass ones.

Color schemes all through the house are soft, rather than striking. Greens predominate in the living room, and the blue and white Delft china sets the blue and white scheme for the dining room. Gay chintzes dress up the bedrooms and the cozy corners that abound in every old house.

An extremely handsome and gaily decorated horse which once rode an old German merry-go-round, has been converted into a bar. "I got it for Chappie last year and brought it home through the town in our truck, and we very nearly stopped traffic. Mr. Poop, our Sealyham, was a little puzzled by the strange new animal at first but he got used to it," Claudia explains.

Mr. Poop's welfare became a matter of such concern to a frequent visitor to the farm, Harry Oldridge, that he built a little bridge over the pond when Mr. P goes frogging so the dog's feet wouldn't always be wet. Now Mr. P stands dryly on the bridge for his frogging forays. The two cats get no such special attention, although the big black farm cat has been hopelessly spoiled by the city cat Claudia brought out. City Cat does all the mousing and brings the hapless victims in to Jack-Jack in loving tribute.

There's a two-acre pond on the farm which they hope to fill with fish next season, and a swimming pool that uses the foundation of a milk house built in 1786. A brook had run through the basement of the old structure and the same spring now feeds the pool. Chappie and Claudia worked out all the plans, and he did some of the masonry work and supervised the construction.

In the back orchard there are five hundred peach trees which they themselves set out. This year, wonder of wonders, they took off their very first peaches—the sweetest they've ever eaten, naturally! Next year they'll be even more plentiful. There are about a hundred and fifty apple trees, and plenty of tangy wild grapes. Much of the output of orchards and truck garden goes into their deep freeze.

ACTUALLY, it's Chappie who is the family chef, when the housekeeper isn't around. He specializes in steaks, chickens, and barbecues, performing his culinary miracles in the summer on the terrace just off the dining room, where they sit in the shade of a huge horse chestnut tree. In winter, the big dining room fireplace sets the scene.

From the terrace you see a great bell hung on top of a white post. Claudia explains: "It came from a church built by the Hessians in a little town that was somewhere in this neighborhood, called Slab Hollow. The old building had seen the Revolution through, had seen the town change constantly, but had itself remained changeless because interested folks in neighboring communities had kept it in repair. Then one night a fire destroyed the building completely and only the bell remained. We were antique hunting one day when I realized I had lost Chappie. Finally I found him, enraptured by the bell. Of course my own purchases were forgotten and we could hardly wait to get it home and use it. Now it hangs silent on its white terrace post. We think it deserves a rest."

On another side of the lawn is a dashing old sleigh which Harry Oldridge discovered neglected in the barn and promptly painted. If Claudia gets her wish, they may yet use it for transportation. It seems that there were a few rough winters at first, so they invested in a snow plow to take care of the roadway that extended through the property to the house. They have been all ready for blizzards, but hardly more than a sprinkling of snow has fallen since the plow was delivered.

"Sometimes," muses Claudia, "I find myself wishing for a good old-fashioned New England winter, so we can justify all the money we put in that plow!"

If any New Jerseyites who read this find the snowfall heavier than usual this season, they can now blame Claudia Morgan. She wished for it!

"Now There'll Be a Tomorrow for John and Me"

Yes, thanks to the help of radio's "My True Story," countless people have found the key to happiness. This is because "My True Story" dramatizes, in vivid form, *real-life* problems of *real* people—right out of the files of True Story Magazine. Here are people who might be you, your friends, or your neighbors. You'll find the answers to problems of love, hope, fear, jealousy and many others.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

in television viewing

New York City and Suburbs and New Haven Channel 6
December 11—January 10

Monday through Friday

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Warren Hull emcees the quiz show "with a heart."

11:30 A.M. Okay Mother • 7
Dennis James, assisted by girl Friday, Julia Meade, with popular audience participation show.

12:00 P.M. The Egg and I • 2
Serial with screen actor John Craven in male lead, opposite Pat Kirland, Nancy Carroll's daughter.

12:00 P.M. Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6
Folksy chatter with personable Ruth and featuring baritone Dick Noel, a Godfrey Talent Scout winner.

12:00 P.M. Langford & Ameche • 7 (& 6 at 10:30 A.M.)
As the lunch whistle blows, Frances and Don come on with daytime variety and surprise guest stars.

12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6
Dramatic serial starring Peggy McCay, Paul Potter and Marie Kenny, who started her acting career at age 46, after raising a family of three.

2:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6
Family dramatic series. John Sylvester, as stormy petrel Keith Barron, graduated from Notre Dame right into the Theatre Guild in New York.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6
Lively, entertainment-packed hour with Garry, vocalists Denise Lor and Ken Carson.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2 & 6
Jimmy Lydon and Olive Stacey with young marital problems. Margie Martin, played by Mary Beller, made her radio debut at the tender age of thirteen.

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4 & 6
Susan Peters, who now is planning actually to study law, stars as a latter day Portia.

3:30 P.M. Fashion Magic • 2
Tuesday only. Arlene Francis unloads information, tips and samples of fashion witchery.

3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)
Bert in merry variety with Betty Ann Grove, bandleader Bobby Sherwood and the Heathertones.

3:30 P.M. Bill Goodwin Show • 4 & 6 (T,Th)
Bright mid-afternoon pick-up with Bill and singers Eileen Barton, Roger Dann.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 & 6
A caravan of musical-variety with everything from cracker-barrel discussion to ballet sequences.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4
Day-by-day story of small town life with Bernardine Flynn, George Cisar, Art Peterson.

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody Show • 4 & 6
Fun and frolic for youngsters with Howdy, Clarabell the clown and Bob Smith.

7:00 P.M. Kukla, Fran and Ollie • 4 & 6
The Kuklapolitans and Burr Tilstrom, whose favorite reading includes the books of Oz.

7:00 P.M. Captain Video • 5
Adventures in outer spaces starring Al Hodges in title role; Don Hastings, the Video Ranger.

7:00 P.M. World News • 7
John Daly, in radio since 1937, with his keen commentary and film coverage of the day's events.

7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 (M, W, F)
This is a gay new comedy series starring Vivian Blaine, of "Guys and Dolls" fame and Pinky Lee, West Coast import.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore Show • 4 (T, Th)
The honey-haired, brown-eyed vocalist, long a star of radio, in a live coast-to-coast telecast.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M, W, F)
Perry, who has never had a singing lesson in his life, sings top TV tunes with the Fontane Sisters.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4 & 6
John Cameron Swayze with headline news.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7
Candidates for film stardom in teleplays. Host and "test" director, Neil Hamilton.

8:00 P.M. Lux Vido Theatre • 2 & 6
Hollywood headliners fill the lead roles in this weekly series of dramatic teleplays.

8:00 P.M. Paul Winchell Show • 4
Jerry Mahoney, goggle-eyed puppet, assisted by Paul Winchell in song, dance and audience-quiz.

8:00 P.M. The Amazing Mr. Malone • 7
The crime-and-wise-cracking barrister, starring Lee Tracy. Dec. 17 & 31. Alternating with—

Mr. District Attorney
Tall, striking Jay Jostyn as the D.A. Dec. 24 & Jan. 7.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2
America's most listened to celebrity helps talented newcomers to show business.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6
Noted singers from the Metropolitan Opera and great concert halls appear in recitals.

8:30 P.M. Life Begins at 80 • 7
Personable Jack Barry at the helm of the only panel show with over 400 years of experience.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6
Farce and music in family situations starring Mr. & Mrs. Desi Arnaz (Lucille Ball).

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4
Swift, startling mystery series, now over 100 programs old, stories with a supernatural twist.

9:00 P.M. Wrestling with Dennis James • 5
Dennis gives his all, with recorded sound effects thrown in for good measure.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4
Montgomery, who studied abroad as a youngster, narrates. Dec. 17 & 31. Alternating with—

Maugham Theatre • 4
Teleplays based on the works of noted British writer, W. Somerset Maugham. Biweekly: Dec. 24 & Jan. 7.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2
TV's greatest triumph in dramatic productions.

R
M

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7
Kansas-born Hattie McDaniel, a headline actress for years as the exuberant, witty housekeeper. Others in the family comedy, Ginger Jones, William Post, Jr.

8:00 P.M. Frank Sinatra Show • 2
A whirling revue of songs and humor with many celebrities topping the full hour as Frankie strikes a tune.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6
The high-voltage funnyman of TV, Milton Berle, with a galaxy of stars and many surprises. Regulars include pitchman Sid Stone and Allen Roth's orchestra.

8:00 P.M. What's the Story? • 5
Four outstanding guest reporters face "City Editor" Walter Raney as a roving reporter telephones in a story giving barest facts to an historical event. If panel fails to identify, home viewer receives prize for suggesting the story.

8:00 P.M. Charlie Wild, Private Detective • 7
Keen, fast-stepping operative who fears neither corpses nor glamorous women, played by John McQuade who got his early acting experience performing in Pennsy mining towns.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4
Light romance and melodramas appear on this weekly presentation, especially filmed for television.

9:00 P.M. Cosmopolitan Theatre • 4
Full-hour video dramas running from romance to suspense, adapted from fiction in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

9:05 P.M. Boxing • 9
Stan Lomax and Dick Nesbitt supply ringside commentary for professional bouts from Westchester County Center, scheduled by matchmaker Joe McKenna.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6
The famous taut killer-thriller series, now with many semi-documentary plots based on foreign news stories.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4
Well-known actors of stage and screen cast in star roles of teleplays revolving around lifelike situations.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2
Here are the basic emotions, fear, love and hate, in drama conceived to keep you on the edge of your chair.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6
Ted Mack, who has been connected with the Amateur Hour for sixteen years and he calls it the most satisfactory period of his life, is the considerate host and emcee in this famous talent-testing show.

10:00 P.M. Hands of Destiny • 5
Fine Broadway casts and excellent direction by Pat Fay makes this melodramatic program one of the most hair-raising of video's spine-chillers.

10:30 P.M. Chamber Music • 7
From the middle west, the Chicago Symphony Chamber Orchestra, under the direction of Rafael Kubelik, present musical selections from "pop" symphonies with definite emphasis on light, short themes.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7
Affable quizmaster John Reed King, who has distributed rewards totalling more than a million dollars in five years of emceeing, with lighthearted stunts and questions worth up to $500 plus the big jackpot for the "mystery voice." Gorgeous Cindy Cameron, comedian Dick Collier, and dancers Russel Arms and Liza Palmer.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and Friends • 2 & 6
Tops in humor and songs as King Arthur makes a funful hour with the musical "little Godfreys": Janette Davis, Haleloke, Marion Marlowe, Frank Parker, the Chordettes and Mariners and Archie Bleyer's band.

8:00 P.M. Kate Smith Evening Hour • 4
Warmhearted Kate with her long-time manager Ted Collins present full-hour variety with top personalities and variety acts of the entertainment world plus the John Butler ballet group and Jack Allison's chorus.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6
Warren Hull, who as a youth was a track star, gives contestants with a financial problem a chance to run fifteen dollars up to five hundred with correct answers.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4
Full-hour dramatic productions, sure to please, that bespeak artistry and intelligence. Plays are adaptations of all-time favorites as well as new originals.

9:00 P.M. Don McNeill TV Club • 7
Don, once nicknamed "Daddy Long Legs," with his cheerful crew, including Fran Allison, good humored Sam Cowling and Patsy Lee. Dec. 12, 26 & Jan. 9. Alternating with—

Arthur Murray Party
Winsome Kathryn Murray, a grandmother as well as the dancing master's wife, is femcee to a shindig of gaiety and laughter. Biweekly: Dec. 19 & Jan. 2.

9:05 P.M. College Basketball • 9
The sport camera focuses on local hoop men: Dec. 12, Rutgers at Columbia; Dec. 19, Columbia at Fordham; Dec. 26, Fordham at St. Francis; Jan. 2, Loyola (Baltimore) at St. Francis; Jan. 9, Harvard at Columbia.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2
Eerie thrillers on this excellent suspense show. Jonathan Blake, narrator, is a world traveler and explorer with a quarter of a million miles of travel to his credit.

9:30 P.M. The Clock • 7
Psychological suspense series paced to the regular, inescapable tick of the clock.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6
Russ Hodges at the mike with the cream of fistic cards from the St. Nicholas Arena, the Chicago Stadium, the Detroit Olympia and St. Louis Arena.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4
The dynamic Mr. Parks (Bert, who else?) offers cash awards from ten to $500 for correct answers by studio contestants. His pal, Bud Collyer, is host.

10:00 P.M. Celanese Theatre • 7
Classics of the modern American theatre from the works of the Playwrights' Company, excellently cast and directed. Biweekly: Dec. 12, "Counsellor-at-Law" by Elmer Rice; Dec. 26, "Joyous Season" by Philip Barry; Jan. 9, "Reunion in Vienna" by Robert Sherwood.

10:30 P.M. Freddy Martin Show • 4
Maestro Martin presents a musical program with rhythm and verve featuring pianist Murray Arnold and youthful swoon-crooner, Merv Griffin.

Thursday

7:30 P.M. The Lone Ranger • 7
The Masked Rider, champion of right, hits the sagebrush trail in action-packed films.

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen Show • 2
East meets West and explodes in scatterbrained comedy starring New York-born George and California-born Gracie. Dec. 13 & 27 & Jan. 10. Alternating with—

Garry Moore Evening Show
Happy-go-lucky Garry adlibs through thirty minutes with guest stars. Dec. 20 & Jan. 3.

8:00 P.M. Groucho Marx • 4
Beetle-browed Groucho with his unpredictable madcaps. Prizes for studio contestants.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6
The volcanic emcee of TV, Bert Parks, with the famous mystery melodies and prizes worth up to $15,000. With Betty Ann Grove, Jimmy Blaine. the Variety Dancers, and Jane Morgan, the lovely Bostonian who first gained fame as the toast of Paree.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2
The all-time favorites of radio and TV with all-important Kingfish played by Tim Moore, bumbling Andy by Spencer Brown, who once produced cowboy pictures.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4
Walter Greaza as the "Chief" in series from files of U. S. Treasury Department.

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2
Alan in his joyful skits. He works a seven-day week dividing his time between TV and the motion picture lot.

9:00 P.M. Festival Time • 4
Georgia-born James Melton and his leading lady Dorothy Warenskjold singing solos and duets.

9:00 P.M. Ellery Queen • 5 & 6
Super-criminologist and fictional character Ellery, played by Lee Bowman, born in the Buckeye state. Florenz Ames as his father and colleague, Inspector Queen.

9:00 P.M. Herb Shriner Time • 7
The Hoosier wit wanders in and out of skits in his unpretentious but infectiously funny fashion. Herb lives in Manhattan with his wife and half-year-old baby.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2
Steve Wilson of the *Illustrated Press,* played by Pat McVey, by-lines action-packed stories of crime and punishment. Lovely Julie Stevens as Lorelei.

9:30 P.M. Guild Theatre • 7
Filmed in Hollywood, half-hour dramatic entertainment featuring top-ranking stage and screen stars.

10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2
Emphasizing that the public's pocketbook is in greater danger from swindlers than robbers, Reed Hadley stars as Captain Braddock in dramatic series drawn from official police files.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6
Lloyd Nolan, star of some 75 films, in the title role of the big-city detective who works with the police in his fight against crime. Others: Walter Kinsella and Nicholas Saunders.

10:30 P.M. Crime Photographer • 2
Darren McGavin as the intrepid Casey who shoots both pictures and bullets at criminals.

10:30 P.M. Foreign Intrigue • 4
Mystery-spy drama with authentic foreign background, since it is filmed abroad by an American producer. Husband and wife actor team, Jerome Thor and Sydna Scott, alternate each week in starring roles.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Life with Linkletter • 7
Art Linkletter, foster parent of two European boys, with humor, pathos and zany stunts. Dec. 14 & 28. Alternating with—

Say It with Acting
Svelte Maggi McNellis, six times named one of the world's best dressed women, co-emcee with Bud Collyer as guest teams from Broadway plays compete in charades. Dec. 21 & Jan. 4.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2
The warm, plausible story of Norwegian-born Marta (Peggy Wood) and Lars (Judson Laire) Hanson who emigrated to San Francisco at the turn of the century.

8:00 P.M. Mystery Theatre • 7
Handsome Hollywood actor Tom Conway as the suave Inspector Mark Saber whose well manicured hands are usually full of cases involving murder.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2
Chicago-born Ralph Bellamy as the tough, hard-talking private eye who can love 'em or leave 'em but always gets his man.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6
Dan Seymour, who studied dramatics in Vienna, with human interest stories that make the news.

8:30 P.M. The Stu Erwin Show • 7
Stu as head of a household that is always awry and principal of a school that's always troublesome. June Collyer, his tolerant wife: Ann Todd and Sheila James, his teen-age daughters.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2
Excellent presentations with teleplays chosen from all mediums to fit the talents of the stars. Dec. 14, Ronald Reagan; Dec. 21, Helen Hayes; Dec. 28, Walter Hampden.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6
In dramatizations of true newspaper experiences, detective work of reporters solves baffling murders that made headlines throughout the country.

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5
A breezy, brisk panel show based on a word game and a good one. Quick-witted Dr. Bergen Evans is moderator.

9:00 P.M. Crime with Father • 7
Action-filled crime detection billing a father-daughter team. Peggy Lobbin as "Chris," daring teen-aged chip off Captain Jim Riland, played by Rusty Lane.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4
The well-laid plans of Henry (Henry Garrard) generally go askew, with Homer (Bobby Barry) generously contributing to the disorder.

9:30 P.M. Tales of Tomorrow • 7
Dramatic series combining fast-moving suspense with science-fiction plots for adult consumption.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4
Veteran sport reporter and announcer Jimmy Powers at the mike for ring battles scheduled by the IBC from Madison Square Garden.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5
A sparkling 60-minute revue with singing, dancing and comedy favorites as guests to comedian Jackie Gleason. Regulars: June Taylor Dancers, Sammy Spear.

10:30 P.M. Hollywood Opening Night • 2
A variety of entertainment, ranging from comedies to absorbing dramatic stories. Each half-hour film a complete story cast with Hollywood players.

10:45 P.M. Great Fights of the Century • 4 & 6
Fistic events of the past on film: Dec. 14, Joe Louis vs. Al McCoy; Dec. 21, Barney Ross vs. Jimmy McLarnin; Dec. 28, Ceferino Garcia vs. Henry Armstrong.

R M

Saturday

2:00 Noon Big Top • 2 (& 6 at 10:00 A.M.)
Ringmaster Jack Sterling, whose favorite recipe is spaghetti sauce, serves up dashing, exciting circus variety. Bandleader, Joe Basile; head clown, Ed McMahon.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Films • 9
Many of the best films from Italian studios all with English titles: Dec. 15, "Professor Takes a Wife," comedy with Lilia Silvi; Dec. 22, "Life of St. Anthony," religious film; Dec. 29, "For the Love of Maria Stella," a tragedy with Amadeo Nazzari and Mariella Lotti; Jan. 4, "The Sin of Patricia" with Valli.

7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye Show • 2
A jubilee of swing and sway featuring vocalists Barbara Benson, Tony Russo, Don Rogers, backed up by the Kaydets and the Kaye Choir. As always, Sammy's funful game, "So you want to lead a band."

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2
Bud Collyer, an undergraduate bandleader at Williams College, teases contestants and tickles the audience with tricky parlor stunts that pay off in prizes.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4
One of the nation's most beloved family series starring Bert Lytell as father, Lillian Schaaf as mother in problems that began twenty years ago in Radio.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6
A frolicsome variety with headman Ken, guest stars, the glamourlovelies, Laurie Anders and singer Anita Gordon who Ken discovered at Hollywood High School when she was just fifteen to debut on his radio show.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4
The sensational, gala show of dance, gals, music and fun heading a different comedian each week: Dec. 15, Olson and Johnson; Dec. 22, Fred Allen; Dec. 29, Jimmy Durante; Jan. 5, Victor Borge.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7
Paul Whiteman, dean of modern American music, in a show originally founded when Pops initiated special night club entertainment for youngsters in Lambertsville, N. J. Regulars: Junie Keegan, his 13-year-old singing discovery, and versatile Nancy Lewis, sweet-sixteen co-emcee.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4
The big, dazzling 90-minute revue starring Sid Caesar, once a bouncer in his father's eatery at the age of 14, and Imogene Coca, a vaudeville tap dancer at 11. Marguerite Piazza, Judy Johnson, the Hamilton Trio, Carl Reiner, the Billy Williams Quartet, others.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2
"TV is a strange existence," says Steve Allen, emcee, who has dined on rattlesnake and buffalo steaks before the cameras. On this show, however, big name vocalists try out the works of unknown song writers. The panel chooses the best for publication.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6
The people's choice in songs, as determined in a nationwide survey. Featured vocalists: Californian Eileen Wilson, Canadian Dorothy Collins and Tennesseean Snooky Lanson. All backed up by Raymond Scott and his band.

Sunday

5:00 P.M. Rose Bowl Game • 4
January 1, 1952 and Happy New Year! The nation's top college football game matching the winner of the Big Ten against the Pacific Coast Conference winner.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (& 6 at 5:30 P.M.)
Stunts and artistry that makes the circus a special event for children from six to sixty.

6:30 P.M. Star of the Family • 2
Mary Healy and hubby Peter Lind Hayes, a golf aficiando who cagily lives next door to a golf course, make music and laughs with the help of visiting stars.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2
Singing, slugging and shooting, starring Gene and his horse Champion, who can waltz, hula, rhumba and even dance the Charleston.

7:00 P.M. Sound Off Time • 4
Comedy variety heralding three foremost funny men: Bob Hope, Jerry Lester and Fred Allen taking turns.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6
Musical sequences under the baton of Pops with guest stars and pert Maureen Cannon, baritone Earl Wrightson, Frank Westbrook's dancers.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6
With Sam Levenson, ex-school teacher, and playwright George S. Kaufman as panel members, host Clifton Fadiman brings on entertainers.

7:30 P.M. Jack Benny Show • 2 & 6
Circle December 16th on your calendar, one of the few Sundays you'll be able to see the great Mr. B with Mary and Rochester on a coast-to-coast telecast.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6
Ed Sullivan, once a caddie and president of Caddie Alumni Assn, with an extravaganza of stars.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4
The uproarious antics of the nation's headline comics, including Eddie Cantor, Abbot & Costello, Martin & Lewis, Donald O'Connor and others.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2
The Pennsylvanians were born the day 18-year-old Fred was told his voice wasn't good enough for Penn's glee club.

9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6
Fine family drama, lively and stimulating.

9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5
Roscoe Karns as the inspector who cheerfully but relentlessly tracks down the killers.

9:30 P.M. The Plainclothesman • 5
Everyone's a detective as the camera plays the title role with Ken Lynch speaking for the viewer.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6
Genial, handsome Conrad Nagel proposes visual questions as guest celebrities line up with Yale coach Herman Hickman and lyric soprano Jane Wilson.

10:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4
Howl-provoker, Red Skelton, in 30 minutes of skits and monologues telecast from Hollywood.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2
Laugh-loaded guess-your-occupation show with John Daly as moderator.

10:30 P.M. Leave It to the Girls • 4
A male celebrity matches wits with panel-lovelies. Maggi McNellis referees.

GARROWAY COMES TO VISIT

(*Continued from page* 37) to Mr. Garroway, honey. I think he'll let you call him Uncle Dave."

"I'd be honored," said Garroway, offering a huge hand. In split seconds, the child's expression shifted from angelic to shy to impish. Turning her back, she scampered across the room, snatched a toy from her year-old brother, Ricky, and as he set up a howl, looked smugly pleased.

Mrs. Hyer, having restored order, shrugged. "See? I told you. No one ever ran an audience poll on it, but there's your competition."

It was an earlier statement along the same line which had prompted Dave's visit.

Like Garroway, the Hyers live in that small square of Chicago which has become virtually a village of radio and television people. Nancy's husband, Bill, writes and produces for Television Airshows Inc. When, one day, they encountered Dave at a street corner, the two men naturally began to talk shop.

A question came up about that morning's Dial Dave Garroway, and to settle it, Dave and Bill turned to Nancy. Flustered, she admitted she hadn't heard it. She'd been busy.

BILL, half apologetic, half teasing, said, "Busy! Honestly, I can never figure out what you women do all day."

Her patience already sorely tried, Nancy flared. "That's what I keep trying to tell you. You go on the assumption all a girl has to do is dial in and listen to a show with absolute concentration. You get real self-satisfied when you achieve what you call nice, tight production. Well, I'm sorry. To me, 'nice, tight production' usually means that if I miss a word, I might just as well give up. I never can figure out what's going on, once I'm interrupted."

Garroway, that tireless investigator of assorted facts, figures and fancies was intrigued. "Tell me, Nancy, just what interrupted you today?"

That was just too much. Nancy told him. In detail!

Bill, reluctant to part with a treasured male illusion, had protested. "For goodness sake, Nancy, it couldn't have been that bad."

But Dave's curiosity was aroused. "You know," he said, "living alone I don't hear much about these things. Maybe it would be a good idea if I found out for myself how much can happen around a house in fifteen minutes. Mind if I come over some afternoon to listen to just one show with you?"

Hearing of the proposed experiment, Radio TV Mirror's Chicago editor and photographer went along. Nancy warned that with people watching, the kids probably wouldn't move off their chairs. She was wrong. Just after the group adjourned to the kitchen, a long-talking girl friend tied her up on the phone. Dave tried to be helpful with the kids. Confusion broke loose.

As any mother will recognize, these pictures weren't posed. They happened!

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THIS IS THE REAL ME

(*Continued from page* 31) the most important thing in my life. I'd just finished collaborating on a play with the late F. Scott Fitzgerald.

But something happened on that show. The audience was unexpectedly responsive—they even laughed a couple of times, and besides, the pay was much fancier. From that minute on, I was a marked man—marked to make others laugh. Since 1939, there isn't a single thing I've overlooked to make people laugh. I've had my clothes ripped from me, I've had water poured on my best suit, I've done everything including climbing chandeliers and kissing chimpanzees. All in an effort to evoke one sound that is the most soothing music in the world to a comedy show. A roar of spontaneous laughter.

When television introduced me to the people who'd been listening to me on radio, they must have gotten the shock of their lives. They saw me for what I am—a smallish character with a fairly nondescript face that keeps moving a great deal, especially from the nose down, with my advent into television. I decided to throw away the role of comedian and be myself. If you're interested, here's what I'm really like:

I'm not a funny guy: Every place I go people are quite surprised to find out that actually I'm a mild, rather serious person. If someone says "hello" and I answer "hello," they say, "that's not funny." Or if I go to the doctor and say, "I'm sick," he answers, "what's so funny about that?" Trying to be funny all the time used to take a lot of the joy out of living. When I was making for laughs as Jimmy Durante's partner, it got so that instead of laughing at or enjoying the natural humor of life, I was pulling things apart as they happened, to see what I could rewrite for audiences. Today I relax. I participate in things, then just ad-lib them on my CBS show as they happened. I no longer worry about fracturing the customers in the aisles. I am happy with the quiet chuckles that come along.

I'm happier than many people: Probably because I'm doing the things I like to do. On the other hand, I'd be a moron if I were happy *all* the time. Shakespeare, or somebody, said: "Show me a man who smiles at adversity and I will show you a cheerful idiot."

I ride too many hobbies: My trouble is that I ride them all too hard. If I take up golf, I buy every golf gadget imaginable before I even find out if I can hit the little ball. I became so serious about breeding tropical fish that the Aquarium Institute of America decided to name a new breed of guppy it had developed the Garry Moore Guppy in my honor (and that's no fish story, either). But primarily, my hobbies are sailing, golf, good jazz and above all, people. I regard hobbies and recreation as a necessity, just like food and drink. I put a certain amount of time aside for them and let *nothing* interfere. Including my job.

I wish I didn't have to eat: Food to me is strictly nourishment and I resent the time and effort it takes. This is too bad, because some of the happiest people I know are gourmets.

I have two allergies: On the physical side I am allergic to cats—they make me sneeze, although personally I think they're wonderful animals and pets. In people, I'm allergic to rudeness in any form. In my book, the primary sin is unkindness. I figure that life is tough enough for all of us, why make it tough for each other? Which is why all my shows end with the reminder, "be kind to each other."

I like simple clothes: They must fit loosely, and colors aren't very important. I can never remember offhand just how many suits I have or their colors—they're just something to put on, and the only important thing is that they must be clean. If I had my way, I'd have been the one (instead of Bette Davis' husband, Gary Merrill) to introduce Bermuda shorts and open shirts to New York in the summer time. But I'm a coward about making a public spectacle of myself anywhere except on the show.

I love water: That goes for stall showers, rainstorms and wishing I could move my house right to the edge of the lake. I'm happier on water than on land.

I enjoy my home: My wife, Nell, and the two boys, Garry, Jr., eight and Mason, eleven, are very comfortable and comforting to live with. Nell, of course, is my idea of perfection because she understands me and agrees with most of my ideas—philosophical, working and living. Our house is big, it's open, it's bright and it's cheerful. It is also a graciously-designed affair and has plenty of privacy available for everyone. Unfortunately, I'm not much help around the house. I don't cook at all, hate to do anything domestic, don't like to putter in a garden or kindred things.

I love to read: You'll seldom see me without a book, though not very heavy books, I fear. I like sea-stories—Carson McCullers' writing—and am very fond of biographies. Don't care much for funnypapers, by and large, although I love L'il Abner and Dick Tracy. None, however, will ever be as good as Krazy Kat was.

I don't let my family work for me: People always ask me if Nell watches my shows or gives me material that happens at home. Naturally, she watches sometimes, but never if it interferes with other plans, any more than a lawyer's wife watches him at every trial. A career like mine is hard on the kids, which is why I no longer permit their pictures to be taken for publicity purposes, and even changed my last name professionally. Let them have the freedom that comes with being unknown. I'd hate to think that my work would affect their normal lives or friendships.

I like television: Not only because of my work but because it's fun to watch, especially sports shows, with the exception of wrestling or the roller-derbies. If I had to limit my TV watching to one program, that would be "Meet The Press," since there people are turned inside out for all to see. Being a performer, I know how much work goes into each show and before ever having my own spot, I watched every television show on the air for days. I watched puppets and lady singers in V-gowns; I studied quiz shows and detective yarns; I observed parlor games and listened to experts track down every last syllable of a word and trace it right back to its first utterance by our ancestors. At the end of that time, it was real comforting to know that all *I* am ever expected to do is talk. It's so much easier than a lot of those things.

Few of my friends are in show business: This is not by design—it just happened that way. My cast and I, however, are very close friends and I am also very fond of Jimmy Durante, Meredith Willson and Herb Shriner. Dean Jagger and I are think-alikes and thus enjoy each other's company very much.

I don't like large parties: Nell and I don't give many parties, much preferring small groups informally gathered, where the conversation can be unlimited, and where you really get to know and enjoy each other. It's one of my principles not to invite someone to my home unless I feel comfortable with him.

I am adaptable: Most people have their favorite places—Maine, California, New York, Florida and so forth. I like many places for many reasons. Somebody once said there is no such thing as good weather or bad weather, just different weather. All of it can be agreeable under given circumstances, and I take it in my stride. The only thing important about a time or place is the people with you.

I love audiences: I give full credit for my good luck to them. Accordingly, I ap-

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preciate their solicitude and home-made remedies when they think I have a cold, am tired or work too hard. In turn, I try to help them. During the Christmas shopping season, a weary mother dropped in at the studio with her three-year-old youngster. Before the show started, I found out that she wanted to finish her shopping but had nowhere to leave the child, so I told her to leave the kid right on stage with us. For the next half-hour, the little girl was a part of the cast with me as baby sitter. When the mother returned, she even insisted on giving me the fifty-cent baby-sitting fee. Believe me, I earned that half-buck.

My crew haircut is here to stay: Actually, I got the idea from watching a Bedlington terrier at a dog show and since it looked good on the dog, decided it might look good on me. Recently, in answer to a fan's request that I let it grow out, I took a poll of my listeners and they were overwhelmingly in favor of retaining the crew style. On the day the results of the poll were announced, Perry Como dropped in on the show, complete with the barber's equipment of his original profession, and proceeded to give me the first all-star haircut ever shown on television. I doubt that anything but a shortage of scissors would ever persuade me to discard my trademark again.

I love personal comfort: But that doesn't mean I take good care of myself. Am just as likely to leave off the rubbers or scarf and hat in stormy weather as to forget a towel when I go in swimming. This is something I keep promising to correct, but know I never shall.

I COLLECT *old and rare jazz recordings*: Otherwise, I think too many things can clutter up your life. You should keep the best things inside you—like your appreciation of people, your enjoyment of moments, your satisfaction at hearing some terrific composer, your pleasure at being permitted to get through life one day at a time a little the better for having done the things you've done. And I don't believe you should spend too much time getting ready for anything. Take along just enough equipment to do a job or spend a vacation well.

I try to be prepared for the unexpected: And in television, that happens many times. Once our singer, Denise Lor, had to wear a pair of men's pants for a number, and didn't get them put together quite right. She stood up for the second chorus of the song, the audience howled, so I went onstage and tied my jacket around her. Denise never realized until after the number was over just why I had done that. She thought it was another one of our impromptu bits of "business." You can plan and write all you want, but if you give people—and circumstances—a chance, something more entertaining than you plan always comes out of it.

I ask nothing more out of life than to keep on with the show and at home just as I am now. There is more satisfaction in just being myself at all times than I ever got out of years of high-pressure living and putting other people's laughs in my mouth. Now I try to put smiles into people's hearts—and hope it stays that way . . . .

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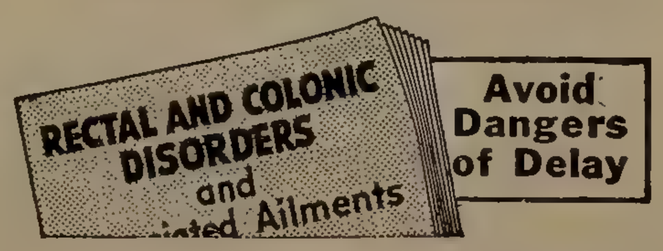

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STILL HONEYMOONING

(*Continued from page* 43) was a change. So he kissed Alice good-bye, hopped into his sturdy little MG roadster and pointed its nose—through all the icy, winter weather—West for a change of pace.

"No sooner had he left," Alice tells you laughing, "than a telephone call came. It was Carleton E. Morse, wanting very badly to get in touch with Les. I'd try to locate him, I promised—and, several frantic wires and phone calls later, I did pin him down, half-way across the country. Carleton wanted Les to consider a role in The Woman In My House, which hadn't yet gone on the air. As it turned out, I got a part, too. When Carleton asked if I'd come to the coast, I said a quick *yes!* and started packing."

In mid-March, Alice joined Les and they promptly started house-hunting. "This was the very first place we looked at," Alice recalls. "We loved it, but I kept saying we must be wise and shop around. And so we shopped around—but never found another house that looked half so good to us, so on the first of April we moved in."

The Tremaynes' number-one hobby is archeology. Les explains, "We spend all of our summers digging in the dirt. Why," he tells you solemnly, "you might say Alice and I first got chummy over a mummy!"

It's true. Their first date was to go to the museum. And they once did help to unwrap a B. C. Peruvian mummy.

"You know," says Les with husbandly pride. "Al is a terrific girl. Such a cook—such exotic dishes, out of this world with spice! She sews like a dream. And wait till you see her knitting!" Whereupon he dashes into the bedroom, returns with several really beautiful knitted dresses. "Why," he goes on, "she makes all my socks and sweaters. And she's just finished a suit for her mother."

As you can see, they're nice people, fun people, the Tremaynes.

Acting is in their blood. Now that they're in California, Les is successfully breaking into pictures, with Alice still a top-ranker on daytime radio. She'll probably find her way into pictures, too, some day. Besides The Woman In My House, Alice has a regular role on another serial. Dr. Paul. This show is often recorded early in the morning, which creates something of a problem. You see, Alice took one look at the traffic in Cahuenga Pass, which leads from San Fernando Valley down into Hollywood, and said a firm, "No, thank you!" If Les is working on a movie and must leave the house early, they drive—or rather, Les drives and Alice rides along. But if he's still sleeping and there's no reason to wake him, the car stays home and Alice grabs a cab to make connections with the bus to take her to work.

Having all this room—a whole, big yard, swimming pool and all—to themselves, is a constant delight. It's in the outdoors that they do most of their entertaining. "Informal suppers, barbecues and swims, you know," they explain. Their friends are people they've known for years—radio, TV and movie people, mostly. And Alice's mother lives nearby.

As a matter of fact, Alice was born in San Francisco. Les was born in London, but came to this country before he was five. He's lived all over the United States, including a previous brief period in California, so neither of them is a complete stranger to the easy-going life Californians love.

Besides their enthusiasm for archeology, they share many other hobbies. Both are interested in music—Alice tending toward the classics and Les mad for jazz—and they have a tremendous record collection. (By now, Alice reports, she can listen to jazz without putting her hands over her ears.)

Les is also interested in archeological photography. He's contributed slides of pictures taken on his travels to New York museums. And, he claims, Alice gets great pictures . . . with her Brownie. Right now, Alice is engaged in converting an old playhouse on the property into a darkroom, for use following future expeditions.

"We aren't kidding about spending our summers digging in the dirt," they pointed out. Every year from 1946 through 1950 they've visited Mexico, going deep into the interior on archeological hunting trips. Their house is filled with rare old pottery and other pieces they've acquired. This coming summer, they hope to attend a world conference of archeologists in London.

"Alice has even been offered the position of curator of a Santa Fe, New Mexico, museum," Les reports.

"It came as a complete surprise," Alice tells you, laughing, "because I've never felt I was that experienced. But we have lots of friends among museum workers."

Les is also a sculptor, and the house shows evidence of that hobby in the many unusual masks on display.

When they were first married all this paraphernalia had to be crowded—housing-shortage days, those were—into a tiny apartment. But the last apartment they had in New York was a nine-room affair. "So large, in fact," they remember, "that we had to shout to find one another in the different rooms. Once we gave three parties on three successive nights, and had over four hundred fifty guests altogether."

So the spaciousness of the California house itself is no novelty. The living room is big, high-ceilinged, done in soft tones, one wall solidly lined with bookcases. Opposite the books, a bay window gives a pleasant view of the swimming pool. On another level is the small dining room, presently used as a sort of office. ("We entertain out of doors so often, anyway," Alice reminds you.) The master bedroom, on the same level as the living room, is done in muted tones, with spread and draperies in matching fabric. Next door, the bath is gay, done in coral, Alice explains, "to match my towels." The guest bedroom is the Mexican room, almost a museum in itself with its rugs, pictures and many other trophies brought back from the land below the border. Beyond the guest room are a cheery kitchen and a small, pine-paneled den used as a studio by Les.

The Tremaynes are busy people who'd like to be even busier if they could find the time. They're looking forward to a program of some sort that they can do together, and if there ever *is* the time, Alice would like to start a knitting shop. They're happy in radio, will try TV when the right show for them comes along. Alice writes too, has finished a book on Mexico and is now at work on a musical comedy.

"With a part in it for me, I hope?" Les queries anxiously.

"You'll *have* to be the one to appear," Alice tells him. "I can't carry a tune."

Whatever they're working on, they work as a team, whether the material they're preparing is for both or for only one of them. If one is scheduled for a "solo" appearance and needs preparation, the other drops everything but actual on-the-air performances to give all the extra time to helping. Les went into "Detective Story" with only three days' preparation, and Alice recalls that "We worked around the clock on it. Opening night, though, I was the nervous one!" And there have been the times Alice was in plays, with Les right on hand to assist. (Alice points out ruefully that "I have a record of some kind—I've appeared in sixteen flop plays in eight years!")

Working or not, Alice and Les are together constantly, except for an unavoidable few times when business has separated them. Recently, Alice made a brief trip to New York—she was homesick, she said. Les, friends wrote her, was just sitting around looking lost, so back she hurried, a lot more homesick for Les than she'd ever be for Manhattan.

The thing you remember most about Les and Alice, after you've visited them and are thinking back to the good times you had, is this: the way they look at each other. Most of the time they're teasing—but their eyes aren't fooling when they meet and exchange a mutual, "I'm happy—we're happy! I think you're just about perfect!" With that attitude, how can they help having a happy house, having a marriage that's just about perfect, too?

MOVING?

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HE'S THE QUEEN'S ESCORT

(*Continued from page* 29) on fabulous, never-to-be-forgotten tours of a present-day fairyland! His name? Harry Mynatt. His business? He's the official escort of NBC's Queen For A Day.

Does he like his job? What a question! Suppose *you* were a handsome young man—wouldn't you like to have spent going-on-seven years escorting over two thousand happy and excited women through days that they'll remember forever? Wouldn't you like traveling somewhere between ten and twenty-five thousand miles a year? Wouldn't you like to have visited over three thousand restaurants, clubs, hotels? Wouldn't you like an expense account that involved spending $150,000 on fun alone?

But if you're thinking of starting on a search for this real-life Prince Charming, there's a catch to it. He's married!

"I have," says Harry, "a very understanding wife!"

Six-feet-plus Harry averages a fourteen-hour working day, beginning around 10:45 A. M. and ending about 1 A. M. of the following morning. The constant demand on his time brought his weight down, when he started the job, from its normal 190 to 129 pounds. "I think I soon would have collapsed," he says, "if I hadn't slipped and broken my leg first."

THE six-week hospitalization period which followed enabled Harry to think things over. "I realized I couldn't go on like that—so from that moment on, I began to take it easy. And I still do. No more hurry, scurry, worry. I do what I can—and the ladies and I have a whale of a time."

How do you become Queen, and thereby inherit Harry for an escort? By being chosen as Queen For A Day by the program's enthusiastic audience. This entitles you to win your wish and enjoy a whirl of activities, plus a lot of exciting gifts. Each lady in every day's studio audience writes her wish on a ticket stub, which is looked over by Jack Bailey, M. C. of the show, Harry and other judges. Twenty ladies are picked to come up on the stage, where the number is narrowed down by interview to five semi-finalists. One of these is chosen by audience applause. To be eligible for royalty, a Queen must be at least eighteen years old.

With the average Queen, the form of entertainment is well established. Harry takes her to lunch, then on a tour of a movie studio, to Westmore's Beauty Salon, to dinner, and to either an opening or night clubbing. It's a thrilling day, no matter what's on schedule.

The Queen always brings one guest with her—husband, older child or friend. Harry quite often takes his wife to plush openings, or sometimes his mother-in-law, a remarkable woman who is excellent company for the elderly Queens, says he.

"There is no average-type Queen," Harry tells you. "We've entertained women from every walk of life, wives of bankers to the garbage collector's mate. From our two thousand Queens we've had representatives from all forty-eight states, plus residents of nineteen foreign countries. We've had them from all races, creeds, and nationalities."

Harry recalls his oldest Queen as a spry ninety-two. "She lived alone in a Los Angeles hotel, and her wish was to visit San Francisco for the start of the opera season. Not only did she get to fulfill her wish, but she also rode in the Gene Autry rodeo that year. She couldn't quite mount a horse, but she made a fine sight riding in a buckboard wagon!"

Then there was a pretty eighteen-year-old named Janet who wished for a trip to an air base where she would have a different date every hour. Upon winning the Queen's crown, Janet and her mother flew to a Tucson air field. Janet liked the first boy on her schedule so much that she asked Harry to cancel the following dates. This may have disappointed the cadets, but imagine their surprise when she began going steady with that young man—and six months later married him.

Harry tells about one of his funniest Queens, who shall be nameless, a woman with an incurable case of hiccups. She had been afflicted for over fifty years, with no cure in sight. Her malady took the form of a combination hiccup and loud whoop. "It was ear-splitting," Harry remembers. But the woman was a good sport and didn't seem to mind the attention she attracted. She and Harry had to leave the stage of the movie studio they were visiting before actual shooting started—she would have ruined the take and cost the company an untold amount.

Then there was the Queen who wished for a bath! She had lived in a trailer for years and missed the luxury of a tub. She was provided with a hotel suite and a mound of bubble bath.

HARRY feels that in many ways, some big and some small, Queen For A Day has changed the lives of its participants. One Queen managed to get her husband to dance with her for the first time in four years during their nightclub visit. Another Queen became a successful barber upon obtaining her heart's desire, a set of barber tools. And another Queen now maintains a thriving bakery as a result of becoming Queen For A Day.

"One of the nicest results," Harry remembers, "involved a marriage between the vice-president of a fig company and one of our Queens, who journeyed to a big fig festival, where she met her future husband."

It isn't strange that Harry beams so happily when he tells these happy-ending marriage tales. He's a devoted family man, himself. "I probably spend more time with my wife and son than the average man," he thinks. "I see them quite often during afternoons, while the Queen is having her hair done at Westmore's Beauty Salon. Weekends, when I'm in town, are my own, and each year I have a month's vacation."

A man like Harry ought to have a good answer when you ask him, "How do you feel about women?" And he does. This is it:

"Like my Dad used to say, they're *all* nice—some are just nicer than others!"

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BERT'S A PERFECT FATHER

(*Continued from page* 33) father and enjoyed it. (A few other husbands didn't quite see it that way. One of them told Bert, "You're spoiling things for the rest of us.")

Just this year, the twins started kindergarten in the public school. As of this writing, Bert has squelched any urge to pick them up after school, although we live out in the country with no bus service. Bert's reason for sending me after them is simply that he doesn't want to take the chance of any of the other children recognizing Bert Parks, a television and radio star, as their father. Fortunately, the boys are still in the stage where they take Bert's occupation for granted. For all they know, most fathers are on television. Some day, when they are older, they will understand that being a celebrity is not so much a question of glamor as hard work, just like any other job. But, in the meantime, Bert doesn't want them getting any false ideas of importance.

That is one of the things we discuss when Bert gets home Thursday night after the Stop the Music telecast. This night Bert and I always reserve for ourselves to talk and relax. And that brings me to another of Bert's great virtues—he doesn't bring business home with him. Problems and tensions are left outside the front door.

Other days, when Bert gets home earlier, he and the twins meet for their ginger ale cocktail party. At such times the boys and Bert gravely address each other as Mr. Parks.

"Where does air come from, Mr. Parks?" may be the question put by Jeff and Joel. Or they go into a detailed description of the imaginative ranches they continually acquire. Also, Mr. Parks, Senior, had been made an active partner in their vast gold mine holdings.

Bert seldom gets visibly angry with them when their energies are misdirected, for there are certain ages when a child does not yet understand that a rose bush shouldn't be excavated to plant a land mine.

You should see him at breakfast with the twins and Petty. It can become a little noisy when the boys try to prove they can draw their six-shooters as fast at Hoppy. And it requires an alert, iron-nerved father to keep one eye on the clock so that he won't miss a train and the other eye on a toy Mack truck that may at any moment careen into a coffee cup.

In our home, like so many others these days, the heroes are Captain Video and Hopalong Cassidy. But when it comes to the question of video versus fresh air and sunshine, Bert's attitude conforms with mine. The children go outside to play. After all, there are plenty of days when the weather is bad and the children get bored with their own games. On these afternoons they get to see children's shows as well as Bert's TV matinee.

Petty, whose given name is the same as mine, is a thorough-going charmer at the tender age of two and a half. Petty was flirting, and very well, too, when she was only six months old. All men who come into the house are fair game so far as she is concerned. Bert is far from being immune and occasionally gets wrapped around her little finger. But she plays the field.

She's fairly easy to please. After all, the most important demand of any child is for plenty of affection and for that she never lacks. Her favorite necklace is Bert's key chain. She likes to make herself useful when he is dressing and may just as likely suggest his wearing one of my slips as a shirt. The twins get into this act, too, and not so long ago handed him his belt with the explanation, "to hold up your dress." All three have the idea they can improve the arrangement of our clothing.

Through it all Bert remains calm and easy and I think it's because he has the remarkable facility of projecting himself into their moods. He plays with them, helps them make up games. An old cardboard box I'm about to throw out becomes a rocket ship or a secret cabin and was once a garbage can when they all decided to play refuse collectors.

Before bedtime, Bert frequently reads to the children. They get as much pleasure from these readings as from television, and I think it's a good tip to parents who think their youngsters are getting too much blood and thunder in "rheumatic" shows —Joel's term for romantic adventure stories.

Bert, too, is adept at reasoning with them. It's amazing what his quiet talks accomplish when they are stubborn. He often makes a game out of the universal problem of getting children to bed.

"Go upstairs and wash and get in bed before mother tells you," he'll whisper in their ears. "She won't know where you are."

It usually works. When I call, they answer from the dark bedroom, under their blankets, and then it's my turn to act surprised, but my relief is no act.

Petty has her own bedtime routine. She goes up to the bathroom and blows a whistle. That means she is going to wash her teeth. Afterwards, the whistle pipes again and this means she is ready for her prayers. I'd like to tell you the children's prayer. I think it's a good one.

Father, we thank you for the night,
And the pleasant morning light.
For rest and food and love and care,
And all that makes the world so fair.
And God bless Mommy and Daddy
and all we love.

Betty pronounces her Amen, "I-mean."

If the children are troubled with nightmares, Bert sings to them. They have always loved his voice. I remember one trip we had to make with all three of them on a particularly dreary day. They got fidgety quickly and for nearly two hours, Bert sang variations on "Old Smokey," making up verses with the children's names.

But make no mistake about Bert. He doesn't believe in pampering. He knows that children need discipline as well as love. In fact at one time he called himself "The Boris Karloff of Connecticut." That came about when the boys were three. Asking them to do something wasn't always successful and he then acquired a stern voice and scowl. If the children didn't get moving by the time he counted to three, he gave them a light spanking. After a few months Bert, to his great relief, found the spanking was unnecessary. Just looking straight into their eyes and slowly counting did the trick.

We hit on another little device to keep them under control last summer. Bert and I took a three-week vacation to California. The children stayed with my mother at her home in New Haven.

Now mother is very good with children. She meets them at their level. For example, one afternoon I saw her out in the backyard seeming to draw on Jeff's back while he lay on a rock. Later she explained they were playing hospital and she was operating. Another time when Joel asked her what keeps the ground up, she had a ready answer for him.

"More ground," she explained.

But grandparents can be too easy with children and I know she wouldn't stop them if they tore her house apart brick by brick. While we were away, however, they must have gone the limit. Naturally, it upset Bert and me. There seemed to be little we could do about it, being three thousand miles away. But finally we hit on "Harry the Bird."

We wrote the children that a little bird named Harry had flown all the way to California to tell us about them and what he had to say wasn't good. Harry, we explained, was carrying this note back to them and would be watching to tell us if they didn't behave.

Well, it worked. Even now, if I hear the children have gotten out of hand while I'm gone, I let them know that Harry the Bird is keeping me informed.

The other day Joel got Bert aside and asked, "Is there really a bird named Harry?" Perhaps they're getting too old for Harry but they'll soon understand that Harry is really their conscience.

"It takes patience and fortitude," Bert says, when discussing the rearing of children, but there is more to it than mere words or platitudes. Bert's interest in the children is deep-rooted in love and understanding. I think he's the best father in the world, and that's one of the reasons I think he's the best husband, too!

MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

(*Continued from page* 24) end up in the waste basket—they're trying to mend everyone else's fences when their own could stand some working on. Or they resolve to do—or undo something they know darned well they won't be able to carry out. Or they make too many resolutions, and get bogged down.

I remember a letter I once received from a listener. This lady was full of high principles and she wanted me to share them. "Let's try to make this world a better place to live in," she urged me. "Let's try to make it a place where the sun shines every single day!" Well, I appreciate her motives, but that's taking on too big a job, to my way of thinking. Remember the old Sunday School song about brightening the corner where you are? Sure, the world's not perfect—not by a long shot. That's why it goes in for those general overhaulings we call wars. But if every single one of us would try a little overhauling of his own private world, brightening up his very own corner, maybe all the brightened-up spots would add up to a world where the sun, metaphorically, shone every day after all!

So okay, Adams, quit stalling—what, in your private world, could stand a touch of improvement? Take a little thing first. I would swear off ice cream. (Some men take to drink and some to gambling: some dream of exotic oriental dancing girls; but as for me, give me a quart of vanilla, or maybe chocolate almond, every time!) Giving up ice cream might reduce my circumference, but it would also reduce my morale—both during the time I keep the resolution, on account of I'm so fond of the stuff, and after I'd broken it, as I surely would, on account of this year I want to keep my resolutions. That's out, then.

Well, I might resolve not to take on another radio show (present count, twenty-three per week), no matter who comes around and offers it, no matter how interesting it sounds. That would insure that I'd spent at least as much time with my wife and kids as I do now, which isn't enough anyway. But that's silly—I wouldn't keep that one either. Someone's sure to come up with a world-beater, and I'm sure to be just nosey enough to want in on it.

Let's take a look around the house, then. Might be I should resolve to pitch in on that long list of chores that Niecy, my wife, has lined up for me—the ones about which I always say, "Don't bother to hire a guy to do that. I'll get around to it." But I shouldn't have to make a resolution about those chores—what they need is elbow grease, not a lot of talk.

Maybe the boys, then—there's a fertile field, as you well know if you have your own. (In case there's a living soul who hasn't heard me bragging 'em up, I've got three: Dave, who's at Yale now; Cedric Jr., called Ric, and Steve, the youngest.) We're a pretty happy family, and the boys and I get along fine. But, I don't suppose there's a father in the world who hasn't asked himself off and on if he's really a *good* father to his kids. Sure, you try to be, but sometimes you see a what-gives expression come over their faces when you've laid down what seems to you a sensible rule, or made what appears to be a wise decision, and then you start wondering all over again.

I think I've got the answer to that one, if I can just remember to stick to it. So here's my New Year's Resolution: I will try my utmost, whenever a situation arises concerning the boys, to put myself in their place. Take Ric, for instance. If he's got a problem, or if he's created a problem for us, I'll do my level best to hark back to when I was fifteen. I'll try to think and feel as Ric is thinking and feeling. I'll try to recall a situation in my own teens as close as possible to the present one, and I'll try to remember exactly how I felt about it, and what thoughts galloped around in my mind without ever getting put into words.

Try it. Take social poise, for example. You'd be surprised at the things which adults pass off as a normal event but which embarrass youngsters speechless. Like the old man's habit of pulling on his left ear when he's thinking, which is certainly harmless enough, but has somehow got to be a neighborhood joke. Mom's new hat, which is chic as all get out, only the kid wishes he could drop dead before she wears the thing at the big Parents' Day shindig they're planning at school.

Little things, but they matter. Looking back, I remember a neighbor of ours who used to put her hand on mine when she'd stop to talk to me. Why, I'd rather have been caught stark naked on Main Street than have any of the fellows see me standing there cosily holding hands with Old (she must have been all of forty) Lady Jones. I used to break out in a cold, itchy sweat, and look around for a hole I could crawl into.

All right then, there's my resolution: to try always to put myself in the boys' place, before I make an off-the-cuff answer when they do or say something that seems to me, at my age, beyond understanding. I know I *can* understand all the complicated motives and reasonings behind it, if I just work hard enough at harking back to my own youthful days.

THAT's mine. What's yours? Why not think it over, and, when you've decided on your resolution for the coming year, send it along to me? Perhaps we'll get enough good ideas for brightening our own corners so that we can talk about them on the air, or maybe Radio-TV Mirror will dig up space, after your resolutions have come in, to print some of them. We can all profit by a sort of round-table exchange of ideas. At any rate, it's worth thinking about, and deciding on one good, solid, down-to-earth resolution for the coming year that will make your own world a little better, and so contribute toward the bettering of the world in general. Because, after all, if every single person in the world made himself just a little bit better, all that betterment would add up to a pretty big whole. Maybe that way, our old world wouldn't get itself into quite so many messes, need so many general overhaulings!

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When you care enough

For the first time, Liz found her offer of friendship repulsed—when she meant it most.

LIZ WAS HAPPY WITH HER SELF-STYLED

By Elizabeth Dennis

MY FAMILY has a lot of illusions about me. I suppose most people have them about most other people, if it comes to that—but illusions aren't always as embarrassing as the ones that Papa and Grayling and Patty and Babby have about me. I don't say Althea has them, because Althea, being a young woman, herself, and an uncomfortably shrewd one, has few illusions about anything pertaining to other young women. And I know our housekeeper, Franny Kennedy, hasn't got them either. But the others all think of me as a model of straightforward, simple, dignified, honest womanhood.

I suppose, until I met Mark Ellis, at least part of it was true. We all changed, ourselves and our lives, when the Dennis family moved from a tiny town to this much larger one of Plymouth. Everything immediately got bigger and more complicated and—I suppose—more exciting. Papa had a much larger parish, and Grayling had a job on a pretty big paper; Althea, in spite of her widowhood and the new baby, set determinedly about rebuilding her theatrical career; even Babby, in high school, bubbled

***Rev. Dennis** had a new church —with a talented young organist.*

along on a constant stream of dates and clubs and basketball games that would never have been nearly as absorbing if we'd still lived in Three Rivers and she'd gone to the small high school there. So I suppose it was fair enough that something happen to me too, though I am usually the last one in the family that anything does happen to. But I never expected the change to come in the way it did—I never expected to find myself becoming devious, instead of direct, or deceiving myself with half-truths, when I'd always been so rigidly honest with myself that, too often, I got in my own way. And I never expected any of these things to happen to me because of a man!

Mark was one of the first people I met when we came to Plymouth. Reason enough for that, since he is the organist in Papa's church. But Papa, of course, never thought to mention to us that he was young and talented and—well, the sort of personality he is. I found that out for myself one of the first afternoons I spent wandering around town, trying to acclimate myself to the broader, more crowded streets, the constant traffic, the stimulating shop windows—the look of the people.

On my way back to the parsonage, I stopped in at Papa's church to see if I could catch him in his office there, but when I heard the organ I slipped into a pew at the back and waited. A minister's daughter gets to hear enough organists to be able to judge the fair from the exceptional, and in a very few moments I knew that the player was one of the best I'd heard. Impressed, I lurked in my corner motionless—too motionless, for the organist thought he was alone and after a few ambiguous chords slipped into something else.

It was music I'd never heard before. But I needed no guide to its meaning and message; from a slow, almost somber beginning it swelled in sound and tempo to a climax whose passionate, almost violent insistence was unmistakable—unescapable. It was as though the musician made a tremendous accusation against life—a tremendous demand, not with an outstretched hand but with a raised and threatening fist. When it was over I found my hand shaking and a pulse throbbed (*Continued on page* 80)

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***Mark Ellis** had a problem—but he wanted no help with it.*

ROLE OF MAIDEN AUNT—UNTIL SHE MET MARK ELLIS

***Liz** had always accepted Althea's beauty—was it to be a challenge?*

***Fran Kennedy** seemed to sense when some one was in trouble.*

Pictured here, as on the air, are:

Elizabeth Dennis.....Margaret Draper
Reverend Dennis.....Bill Smith
Mark Ellis.....Frank Behrens
Althea Dennis.....Joan Alexander
Fran Kennedy.....Virginia Payne

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(*Continued from page* 79) madly in my throat. I should have followed my instinct then, for I knew that what I had heard was a private thing. I should never have revealed myself. But I was too curious to see the creator of all that moving surge of wonderful sound. I went forward and introduced myself.

I was taken aback at the look I got. After that music, I'd expected—well, how can I say? But something far from the cold and formal glance I got. "Ah, yes," he said. "The minister's daughter. I'm Mark Ellis."

I'm not easily annoyed. But there was something about "the minister's daughter" that sent the color rushing into my face. But with his music still in my ears I couldn't believe in the chilly remoteness he was trying to establish, and I went rather doggedly on to express something of the admiration I felt. He had risen to shake hands with me, and his thin, tall figure moved uneasily as I spoke, almost as though he wished I would stop. But he thanked me, and then—abruptly—changed the subject.

"I IMAGINE you're looking for your father, Miss Dennis? He left for home about twenty minutes ago." It was a dismissal. I'm not dense. As Babby says, I don't need a brick wall to fall on me—not usually. But from somewhere came an unwonted determination to get past Mark Ellis' curtness to the man who had played that music, and I held my ground for a moment longer. I said smilingly, "By the way, Mr. Ellis—has that thing you were playing been recorded? I'd like to hear it again. Enough to go out and buy it, if it's available."

"Oh, no," he said sharply. "No, you won't find it—it's never been recorded." Then, very low, he added, "It's never even been finished."

There was a short silence, and I said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to pry. It's your own then, isn't it."

He nodded. Then rather surprisingly he took off his glasses and came quite close to me. His narrow face, close above mine, was alive for the first time since he'd seen me. "That's strange," he said. "Let me get a look at you, Miss Elizabeth Dennis. The only other person in the world who knows I composed that." Almost at once the coolness came back; confused, disturbed—and interested—I left, as he obviously wanted me to do.

Little by little, as the rest of the family met Mark Ellis, their reactions totalled up beside my own. We all liked him—or wanted to like him; but he wouldn't let himself be liked.

Meeting him downtown one day, accidentally, I followed my impulse to ask him to dinner. In spite of his detached air of complete self-sufficiency I knew from Papa that he had no family and appeared to have made few connections in town, and I had the stubborn, perhaps naive conviction that one can't get along without friends.

Mark looked down at me, troubled. "Tomorrow night? Friday? I'd love to, Elizabeth, but I've got a load of letter-writing that can't be put off." His smile didn't erase his uneasiness. "Could I have a rain-check?"

"Any time," I said, smiling back. Inwardly I had stiffened like a hurt schoolgirl, but I didn't go an inch further. I wanted to ask if he couldn't put his letter-writing off until, say, after dinner, since the Dennises eat early; but I didn't make that extra overture. Enough is enough, I thought grimly, remembering so many accidental meetings in church and in Papa's office when I'd been about to stop to chat and he had brushed by with a quick, casual smile, a brief acknowledgment. After all, you couldn't force friendship. We had a further word or two, and then went our separate ways, and I must confess that I made a firm resolution that the next effort would have to come from Mr. Mark Ellis himself. My sense of humor was temporarily out of order; I was good and angry, in a way in which I have seldom before been angry. That was what made me stop and think.

If there's one talent I have, it may be a talent for friendship. I make friends easily; I'm interested in people and especially interested in learning, as I usually do, what makes us all so different from one another. I wasn't used to holding out both hands and not having at least one of them taken. And yet, queerly, I felt a little guilty. "Friendship"—well, that's a word that covers many varieties of association. But where Mark Ellis was concerned, wasn't there another element in my so-called friendly overtures?

If I'd had any doubts about it, they cleared up quickly enough when, the next morning, I got a phone call from Mark.

"About that rain-check—" he began.

"We'd all be delighted, Mark. I said any time, and I meant it."

"Yes," he said. "I don't know you very well yet, Elizabeth, but I'm sure you never say anything you don't mean." There was a slight pause. "Althea stopped in yesterday and added her invitation to yours, so I decided perhaps you really did want me to be your company. If you still do, I'm all yours."

"I'll tell Franny to throw in another potato," I said, laughing. "We'll look forward to it, Mark."

"ME TOO," he said, and we hung up. But I wasn't laughing as I went to give Franny the news. Not my invitation, but Althea's—that was what it came to. And for the first time in my life I felt an uneasy stirring of a feeling I didn't want to examine. After all these years of accepting, of delighting in Althea's beauty, in her success as a female, I wasn't now—at my age!—going to start being jealous!

It took Franny to put the final edge on my self-examination. "Sharp-tongued young chap, that Mr. Ellis," she said. "But you like him quite a lot, don't you."

"I guess we all do, Franny. He seems so alone. Sometimes I get the impression he's in trouble."

Franny snorted. "Just the impression, is that all you get? If ever I saw a man laboring under a great strain, or anyway, one he thinks is great, it's that one. I should have thought you'd have it out by this time. Are you slipping, Elizabeth?"

I looked at her sharply. "Heavens, Franny, I hadn't thought about it before, that he might have some problem eating at him. Of course, that would explain all his sharpness and the way he shrugs away if he thinks you're—" I stopped, blushing.

Franny pulled over a pad and began deliberately to compile her shopping list. "If he thinks you're trying to get too friendly? It's not you he need worry about. Althea—she's the man-killer."

Althea again . . . Franny was as sharp and shrewd as a woman can be. If she too had Althea sort of mixed up in her mind with Mark, well—there was something to it, then. I said tentatively, "I think he's coming because Althea asked him, Franny."

She nodded. "Oh, Miss Althea may be busy with her play and her rehearsals and what not—too busy to take care of her own baby, so that you have to do it, though I'm sure your father and I are tired of talking about that, but she isn't too busy to be stopping over at the church every now and then. Just to hear the music, you might say. *If* you didn't know Althea."

I shouldn't let Franny go on like that, I thought; but I didn't stop her. It was the first I'd heard about Althea showing that much interest in Mark. The twinge it gave me was proof enough that I'd been right to suspect my own interest.

AS A RESULT, no maiden aunt could have conducted herself with more impersonal politeness than I did during dinner. Franny and my own inner warnings had scared me off. The only trouble was that as though by prearrangement everybody scattered right after coffee. Grayling had to go out to Milltown on a story idea of his own; Papa and Babby excused themselves to do what Papa called their homework. Althea, unexpectedly, got a call from Blair Boynton, writer of the play she was rehearsing in, and spent an uncertain half-minute before deciding that she couldn't afford to refuse his urgent request that she come over and talk about his second act.

We talked quietly, Mark and I, and from time to time I found myself wondering again just what the quality was that convinced me he was impossible to reach. There was nothing, really, to put a finger on; and yet all the while I felt the watchful, alert presence inside him, ready to spring from the first brush of danger.

Danger! That was it! Something that the rest of us didn't recognize, or couldn't see—something very commonplace and ordinary to the rest of us meant danger of some kind to Mark. The moment the word came into my mind I knew I was right. It was there in the way he sat, his thin, long body poised against the sofa, never relaxed—in the way he held his cup, as though both it and his hands were brittle; in his eyes, more than anything. They watched, narrowed and concentrated; the smile that lit his face rarely reached his eyes.

One by one we talked about the Dennises—about Papa and Grayling and, with the indulgent smiles of wise elders, about Babby. And about Althea, too. Mark seemed interested in talking about her. He was a little surprised when I told him, briefly, about the Hollywood phase that had started so brilliantly and come to so little in the end.

"I thought all they needed out there was beauty," he commented. "Althea cer-

tainly has that. Don't tell me there are greater demands of an actress in movies. Brains, character—Broadway, yes, but not Hollywood!"

"Don't you think Althea has brains and character?"

"Everyone has character of a sort," Mark admitted. "I used the word like an adolescent—meaning good character. Sterling-type character. Althea's got force, personality, impact—but—" He shrugged. "She'll never give the shirt off her back to a starving man."

I said mildly, "You'd be the first to think her a fool if she did, wouldn't you?"

"You think I'm pretty devoid of the milk of human kindness, do you? Pretty selfish and self-centered?"

"As a matter of fact—" I frowned, studying him. "It's just come to me that you're not that at all. Everyone is preoccupied with himself when . . . when he's especially worried about something."

He winced and drew away with the swift movement of an animal afraid of being prodded. "Psychic Liz," he said. "Sees all, knows all—Oh, I'm sorry. It's just that if anyone bothers me it's you, Liz. Some of the things you see are pretty darn wrong, you know, and yet I have the feeling that if you keep on looking you're bound to find out the truth."

"And you don't want me to? Don't worry, Mark. My seeing-eye record has been pretty sad lately."

He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. "Your seeing-eye record . . . what in the world would make you reach up into the air and pick just that particular phrase?" He sighed, and then with an obvious effort smiled. "I can see it all now. You're going to keep on looking at me with those eyes of yours until you get it out of me. I give up. I robbed the bank. I'll put the dough back, honest, twenty-five cents out of each paycheck!"

I laughed, but his own smile was so thin that I gave the conversation a determined twist and for a while we talked about Babby again, about the magic of being under sixteen.

"The great things you're going to do and be and have . . ." Mark's voice was dry again. "Can you remember, Liz—or didn't you have those delusions? Probably not. You're so—undemanding."

Undemanding? I shook my head. No—that might have been true once, but no longer. There were things I wanted now . . . to be important to someone . . . to be bound to someone, the center of someone's life. No, Mark was being misled by the placid expression I had grown into after all these years; beneath it there were as many wants, needs, demands as any other woman ever had . . .

When he was leaving, he lingered a moment on the porch where it was too dark to see his face, and said to me abruptly, "I don't know why I'm telling you this, but I'd sort of like you to know—You've helped me come to a decision, tonight. I'm going to New York at the end of the week. Oh—" he seemed to sense my question. "You didn't *do* anything, Liz. Apparently just talking to you about life in general is good for what ails me. Helps me to clear up the—fog."

"I hope you have a successful trip," I said softly. I reached out to touch his hand, and with a sharp thrill of surprise and pleasure I felt his hand curl almost fiercely around mine. "Come back with whatever it is behind you."

I felt the drawing-in of his breath. I was on the step above him, his head level with mine, and I clenched my hands against an overwhelming desire to draw his head down to my shoulder as I used to do with Babby and Patty when they were troubled. To comfort—if I couldn't do anything else for him perhaps I could at least do that. I don't know what would have happened if a taxi hadn't jerked to a stop before the house, and pulled off again immediately, leaving Althea coming toward us. Mark straightened a little, putting a few more inches between us.

"Hi!" Althea ran up the steps. "Heavens, if you two aren't the stay-ups. It must be all of eleven at *night!*"

"Not bad for two dull old folks," Mark said.

"Pretty good. Puts you almost in my league," Althea retorted.

Mark looked at her. "Is that a good place to be? I've wondered, now and then." Then, abruptly, he said good night and was gone.

"Well, indeed!" Althea, after staring down the street, turned and marched into the house.

Her eyes flicked mine. "Have a good time?"

"Mark seemed a bit more relaxed than usual. I—yes, it was a pleasant evening."

Althea fluffed out her hair and nodded. "Trust you, Liz—if anyone could break him down it's you. Did you find out all about the woman in his life?? The one in New York?"

My eyes widened. A woman? But of course—why in the world hadn't I thought of that? A tiny, bitter ache crept into my throat. I'd been so pleased that he was getting easier with me. I thought we were on the way to being friends. And yet Althea knew more.

She said impatiently, "Did you, Liz? What did he tell you? All I know is that it was something pretty close—he was either married or engaged, and she gave him a rough time."

"You know much more than I do, Althea. He didn't mention it. Ready to go up? I'll switch off the light."

"Go ahead." She started up the stairs and after a second I followed. "I suppose the only reason he told me is that I reminded him of her, whoever she is. That's what he said, anyway—that he'd known somebody very like me." She laughed shortly. "Might not be a compliment to either of us, the way he said it." At the door of her room she hesitated, and put her hand on my arm. "Good night, dear. I'm—I'm glad you like him, Liz. If he ever comes out of this phase he's in I think he's going to be a pretty exciting person. His music is *good.*"

"Yes, it is good. I think it's more than good." I put my cheek against hers, and we said good night. The bitterness was gone, and as I got ready for bed I felt warm and affectionate again toward Althea. She couldn't help being beautiful and compelling. She was accustomed to using those attributes to gain her ends, just as I used my own quite different abilities—my unexciting faculty for friendship, and

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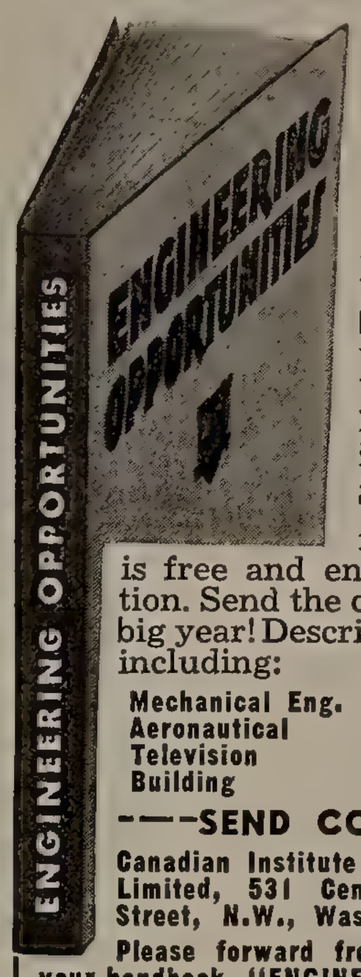

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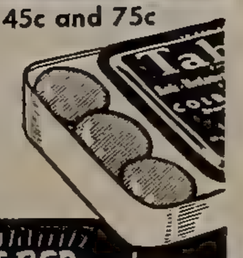

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whatever it was that made people trust me—to gain my own ends. Only now it was different. Now, for practically the first time in my life, my ends weren't the familiar ones. Mark had talked to me as he might have talked to—well, perhaps not Papa, but Grayling. But he told Althea about a girl . . . whoever she might be.

While Mark was gone I tried to put him out of my mind. It was disturbing, totalling it up, to realize how much time I'd been spending thinking about him—and even more disturbing was the perversely personal tone my thoughts always took. I thought I had myself pretty well in hand until one evening Althea came in and said, "Did you know Mark is back? I bumped into him—literally, I might say—in front of the Medical Arts building."

"Is he ill, Althea? I mean—was he seeing someone there?"

"I thought you might know." She frowned thoughtfully. "He did look queer, Liz. He said he had broken his glasses and was getting a new pair made up, so maybe that's why his eyes looked so odd. Strained and sort of blurry. I hope nothing too awful happened in New York." She grinned suddenly. "Maybe his girl beat him up."

"Althea—do you think we ought to call or anything?"

"Not on your life! After all, it's just my impression, sweetie. I met him in the lobby of the Medical Arts, which naturally suggests doctors, and he isn't looking in the pink, which naturally suggests that it might be worse than it looks—but after all we don't know he's ill! If he is—" she hugged me affectionately—"you'll be the first to know. They all come to you when they're in trouble!"

Yes, I thought with a return of that little, shameful ache. That's when they come to me, all right. But still . . . I bit my lip, looked at the phone, and deliberately looked away again. No. He knew where we were . . . where I was. If he wanted us, he would know what to do.

APPARENTLY he didn't. Two days went by, and there was no call. Nor did anyone see him. Papa, looking worried, mentioned that Mark had been spending hours at the organ, but never came into the office to talk. "In fact I have to admit it looks as though he were avoiding me," Papa confided. "The boy is bothered about something, Elizabeth. I wish—but one can't thrust help. We'll wait . . ."

We waited another day or two. Then Papa, really distressed, said that Mark had phoned to say he was ill and couldn't play for services on Sunday. All my resolution to remain aloof melted in the sudden flare of fear that shot through me. I'd waited long enough. Whatever Mark thought didn't matter—my own feelings gave me the right to find out what was going on. After dinner that night I slung a coat over my shoulders and told Papa I was going out for a walk. I was at the door when Fran came out of the kitchen with a neatly wrapped box.

"Go on, Elizabeth, get on." She gave me a little push. "In case the poor man is starving himself to death you might be just in time to save him. It's only a bit of cold chicken and some lemon loaf."

I flushed hotly. "Fran Kennedy, have you got extra-sensory perception or something? How did you know where I was going?"

"Don't be silly," Fran said calmly. "Now where else would you be going, and you so worried about him? Not that I wouldn't be racing you over there if I were twenty or thirty years younger."

"Oh, Fran—do you think there's anything really wrong?"

"Go and find out, Elizabeth. Make him tell you. Go *make* him let you help!"

Walking through the crisp fall night, I felt Franny's words waving over my head like a battle flag. She made it sound so easy, though. What if he closed the door in my face? What if he just glared at me through the peep-hole and sent me away? Suppose he didn't *want* me bothering him?

And yet, of course, all the time, with that inescapable extra sense that does sometimes come when you need it, I knew none of that would happen. I almost knew that he would open the door and look at me in stunned silence for a measurable minute, and then say quietly, "Of course it's you, Liz. Please come in."

"Are you sure it's—"

"I've never been so glad to see anyone in my life. Here—let's have the coat. What's this?"

"Aid for the starving." I handed him the package. "Some of Franny's broiled chicken and lemon cake." He looked so stunned that I said, "Oh, Mark, don't tell me Franny was right! Haven't you eaten?"

"As a matter of foolish fact—come out here to the kitchen, will you?" He stumbled against the doorsill, swore, and switched on the kitchen light. "That's better. As a matter of fact, I forgot all about it."

"Do you want me to warm it up?"

"Can't wait." He got himself a plate and some silver from the table drawer, accepted the paper napkin I handed him, and unwrapped the box. "I could eat this if it were frozen in a block of ice. How did Franny know?"

I shrugged. "How does she know all the queer things she does?" Unobtrusively I went over to the electric coffee-pot I noticed, found coffee in a cabinet, and started it going.

"I'd have done that myself in a minute," Mark said. "I hope Franny sent enough cake for you too. Yes—plenty. I couldn't even offer you a dry biscuit, I'm afraid. Sit down, Liz. I don't want you waiting on me."

"I don't intend to. It's just against nature for me to stand around a kitchen with my hands in my pockets." I sat down opposite him and, trying not to stare, examined him as well as I could. "You don't look so very ill, Mark. Is it a cold?"

He shook his head. "Not a cold, dear." All at once in the harsh overhead light, his face looked white and drawn, and I realized with a strange little pang that it was pleasure at seeing me that had warmed it. Now his color was fading again, and he did—oh, he did look so very ill!

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WE TOOK our coffee and cake into the living room, and there, in the softer light, I felt him easing into relaxation. The room was rather like him, I thought, spare and clean-lined and unfussy, but lit with dramatically brilliant color. The urgency that had driven me over to see him was going, now. I could wait. My heart had registered his calling me *dear*, and the eager, unreserved joy with which he had opened the door to me. I didn't have to fight. He would tell me . . .

After a time, he said gently, "I didn't lie to your father, Liz. Ill is the only right word. Only it's not a cold or a pain that will be over in a day or so. I needed time to—to get used to it. I think—" the cup rattled and he put it down quickly. "I hope I can get used to it. I don't know."

"Was it a girl, Mark?"

He nodded. "It's not important any more. Believe me, I'm not just saying that. It wasn't important even at the beginning, I suppose. She just—she was a taker. A demander. And when she had taken too much and demanded more—demanded that everything be *her* way—" His hand made a dismissing movement. "I almost—I almost wish it were all I had to worry about."

Fear again—sharp and definite, not to be denied—froze me into wary stillness. What was it—oh, what was it?

He got up and walked about the room.

"Did your father tell you I'd been practicing a lot?"

"Yes." I had to force a sound above a whisper.

"Do you know what I was doing—what I'm trying to do?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Memorize, Liz—memorize all the music that's ever been written! Get it into my head and my hands. Do you know what I've been doing these days I've locked myself up here? Memorizing the apartment. The chair here, the piano, the desk—putting each pencil and paper where I can reach it without seeing—"

He took off his glasses and faced me. "Look at me, Liz. Can't see anything, can you—can't tell by just looking, can you? But I'm going blind, Liz. That's what's the matter. I'm going blind."

The room was as still as a tomb. He wavered and grew blurry and then slowly came back into focus again. I felt as though someone had struck me savagely over the heart.

"Oh, Liz," I don't want to burden you! That's why I stayed away . . . I knew I couldn't see you and not—not beg for

your pity—and I couldn't bear it if I did."

I moved my dry lips. "Mark . . . how do you know? You can't be sure—"

"I'm sure." He jerked his head. "They were sure, the doctors in New York. That's what took me there, Liz—I'd been fighting off the suspicion for months and I couldn't stand it any more. I had to know. It's been getting harder and harder, each day almost. I had to face it. That girl—" he laughed shortly. "If only it had been that I was going to settle that trivial detail! No, Liz, they're sure."

I got up and then sat down again. I was afraid to touch him. He didn't want to break down. However much I ached to put my arms around him, I must help him stand by himself, for now . . .

There wasn't much he could tell me. His sight had been bothering him for some time, and the eye doctor in town, after prescribing progressively stronger glasses, had finally recommended a visit to a specialist. There he had heard the truth—the truth he'd been suspecting. An old, trivial injury—something he'd almost forgotten, almost overlooked at the time—had damaged the nerve so badly that nothing could be done. Of that they were certain, all the doctors.

Nothing could be said, either. This was so tragically, so monstrously far from anything I had expected that I was almost powerless to collect myself. What comfort could one offer . . . what could I possibly say that wouldn't sound offensively Pollyanna-ish in the face of his torture? Then, as it always did, Papa's face came before me, and I knew once again that always, always, there is some help.

Mark came slowly back to me and sat down, but stiffly apart. I said softly, "What shall I do? Shall I go away now?"

His hand came out for mine. "If it hadn't been for you, Liz, I don't think I'd have come back here. I kept thinking all the way back that I'd have to talk to you. I'd have to talk it over with you. You don't have to do anything. Just—be." My hand hurt from the desperate pressure of his. "There must be a way of facing this."

"There must be. There will be, Mark. Your music—"

"Yes—there's that. I won't give it up! I'll do it—I'll find some way to do it!"

"Yes, darling. *Yes.*" My mind was stirring again, turning this way and that, looking for help. I could get information. All the wartime experience with blinded servicemen—I could find out how their lives were reorganized. So many of them were living full, productive lives . . . I'd find out about that. If he would let me come into his life and help—if only, after this first uncontrollable outburst, he didn't withdraw again!

He slipped to the floor and rested his head on my lap, and my hand went unconsciously back and forth over the short, crisp hair. How often I'd wanted to do that—so often that the touch of it was almost familiar! "Liz," he said. "A few weeks ago I used to lie awake, sometimes, thinking of things to say to you. That was when I kept telling myself this other thing couldn't be true, that it was just a nightmare born of depression . . . So many things. And now—now it's this, and this is all I can say to you."

My hand tightened in his hair. "You can say anything to me, Mark. This makes no difference! I—"

He sighed, reached up and took my hand, and put it to his lips. Then he got up and walked to the piano. "No. Let's not get into anything like that. You're worth too much, Liz. Nobody in his right mind could bear to see you waste yourself on half a man."

"I expected you to say that. I'm not listening," I said steadily. "Say it as much as you like and get it out of your system. It doesn't affect the truth, Mark. You could never be half a man. You're—you'll always be as much man as any woman could want."

It was the oddest declaration. Across the room, our eyes met, and with all the space between us I could still feel him close to me. He said softly, "I can still see you, Liz. That's something. I'll have a little while to memorize your face . . ."

There was too much space between us. I moved across the room and, standing on tiptoe, took his face between my hands. Reluctantly, and then fiercely, his arms came around me. Time slowed, the room went vague. He didn't kiss me, and I knew that he too was afraid to disturb the fragile, unreal wonder that was growing up around us. Dimly I heard him say, "But it's not possible, Liz. It's not sane. It's not possible."

My hands slipped around his neck. *No, Mark,* I thought; *you're wrong. It is possible. We'll make it possible. Anything is possible . . . when you care enough. . . .*

INSIDE BOB AND RAY

(*Continued from page* 53) in nearby Winchester. He came to New York to study at the Feagin School of Dramatic Art, became an NBC page, returned to Boston to marry a local girl and become a staff announcer at WHDH. He served three years with the 26th Infantry Division, taking part in the Battle of the Bulge. For a hobby he paints in water colors and oils, with seascapes a specialty. He explains he hasn't been doing many lately because he ran out of blue paint, paper, and the time it takes to get to the seashore.

Ray is a native of Lowell, Massachusetts, and worked at a Lowell station before going to the staff of WEEI, Boston. After his stint in the army he returned to work at WHDH. Meanwhile he had married an Ohio girl, and they have three young Bob and Ray fans, two boys and a girl. Ray's hobby as well as business is radio. He and his brother Phil, an announcer with WMGM, New York, own a one-kilowatt station in Lowell, Massachusetts. His second best accomplishment is baking, and he claims he can serve up a whale of a chocolate cake. "Only one slight trouble," he adds, "Somehow it always tastes more like whale than chocolate."

Together, Bob and Ray with their invisible and fanciful friends are delightful two-timers on anyone's dial.

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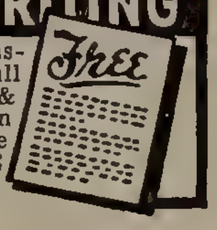

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Daytime diary

AUNT JENNY Littleton is a small town, but Aunt Jenny and her listeners never find it lacking in excitement and activity, for as Aunt Jenny looks around at her neighbors and friends she finds many stories that are well worth telling. On one street there may be a young love affair—on the next a marital crisis. And as a result Aunt Jenny has a new story every week or so to share with her multitude of listeners. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Friendly as Larry and Mary Noble have become with actress Dora Dean, they cannot believe her warnings against Rupert Barlow, and when Dora returns to the Coast, Rupert is able to go ahead with his plan to break up the Noble marriage and win Mary for himself. Rupert's latest ally in his scheme is his unscrupulous chauffeur, Victor. Can these two come between Mary and Larry? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER Chagrined when Dr. Philip Marlowe is appointed director of the Health Centre over his head, Dr. John Wayne cannot bring himself to enter into anything except the curtest type of business relationship with Marlowe. But Ruth Wayne refuses to become Marlowe's enemy, even when a strange and shocking accusation removes Marlowe from his position. What is the truth about Philip Marlowe? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

THE BRIGHTER DAY Young Babby Dennis, who thinks it's time she started smoking, is furious when her escort refuses to allow her to accept a cigarette from another boy. Babby is shocked into near-hysteria when the boy tells her she almost smoked marijuana. Babby breaks her promise not to say anything about the incident. She tells her father, Reverend Dennis, and precipitates a tragic crisis in Plymouth, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL Reporter David Farrell and his wife Sally have worked together with the police in solving many murder cases, but seldom have they worked harder than in "The Dangerous Years Murder Case." In this baffling case, a girl receptionist is murdered and a distinguished engineer, a friend of David's, is the chief suspect. Endeavoring to get at the truth, David uncovers some shocking secrets. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Meta Bauer White, acquitted of the murder of her husband, Ted, had no recollection of the night of the tragedy until a sudden trick of the mind restored her memory. Coming at a time when her new marriage to Joe Roberts is undergoing a shattering strain, Meta almost despairs of regaining her peace of mind. Is Papa Bauer right in fearing she may make a terrible mistake? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno, is incensed against her cousin, Nina, for the ruthless, scheming way in which Nina is exploiting her husband, Dr. Jeff Browning. Julie believes Nina is capable of considerable trouble-making. But not even Julie senses how complicated and far-reaching are Nina's plans to improve herself at Jeff's expense. Will Nina at last go too far . . . and is it possible that some day Jeff may once again be free? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Little Marjorie Richards is an heiress—and the center of scheming and trouble which Bill Davidson tries to head off. Bill tries to prove to Marjorie's father, Guy Richards, that his business manager, Claude Stone, is scheming with Joy Allen to get control of Marjorie's fortune. But Bill reckons without Claude Stone's desperate imagination. Because he underestimated Claude, Bill faces a real personal tragedy. M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

KINGS ROW In their efforts to help Hazel Green evade the plotting of her husband and get custody of her young son, Randy McHugh and Dr. Parris Mitchell allow themselves to become dangerously involved in Hazel's affairs. After a tragic scene culminating in violence and shooting, Randy realizes that all that stands between her and a charge of murder is a slender bracelet. Who actually wore that bracelet? M-F, 11:30 A.M. EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi and Papa David are delighted when Barry Markham is relieved at last of the dreadful load of a murder charge, and reconciled with his wife, Eunice. But Barry's father, Dr. Markham, precipitates fresh trouble when he endeavors to sell his estate to be used as a clinic, and runs into a ruthless group with other ideas. Can Chichi help her friends to figure a way out? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY The problem that has arisen in Sydney McKenzie's life is not altogether unique. From time to time there have been other women who, believing their husbands dead, have married again, only to have the missing husband miraculously restored. But this doesn't make it easier for Sydney when Lansing McKenzie, given up for dead, reappears just too late to prevent her marriage to Wolfe Bennet. M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

LORENZO JONES Lorenzo Jones, much to his wife Belle's discomfort, has again taken his mind off his job at Jim Barker's garage and turned it to something that interests him more—the problem of the bank robbers, who may get away if somebody doesn't stop them. Will Lorenzo and his new tricky automobile wax, one of his newest inventions, be the means of apprehending the criminals? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS If Tom Wells were a simple, uncomplicated person, Ma's daughter, Fay, might have a better idea just what her future was going to consist of. But Tom is a very complex person, which makes it hard for everyone, including Tom himself, to figure out just where he is heading. Still, something exists between Tom and Fay that might turn out to be the most important thing in both their lives. M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY As Sunday becomes involved in the unhappy relationship between Eric Boynton and his wife Joan, she unconsciously plays into the hands of Craig Norwood. Norwood, who was in love with Sunday a long time ago, before she became the wife of Lord Henry Brinthrope, has determined to win her for himself. Norwood takes advantage of her interest in Joan and Eric to further his selfish plans. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY For some time Pepper has been disturbed over the emotional state into which Linda has worked herself over little Edith. Childless, Linda refuses to consider adopting a child because she has become so attached to the daughter of Edie and Andy Hoyt. But not until Linda, afraid she is about to lose all contact with little Edith, really loses her head, does Pepper know how desperately she needs help. M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON As dangerous as a pair of poisonous snakes, Marcel and Kitty De Carlo coldbloodedly plan the death of May Grant in order to gain custody of little Dorrie and the fortune that goes with her. Perry Mason, grimly fighting his way to the heart of the plot and the hiding place of Marcel, finds his way blocked, not only by Marcel's planning, but by accident and bad luck. Will he be able to save May? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS In all the vicissitudes of her life, Carolyn Nelson's courage has never deserted her, but she finds need of all her acuteness and all her strength as she realizes that a pit is being dug beneath her feet—a pit intended mainly to trap her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, but which will necessarily send her, too, crashing into chaos. Who are his enemies? Are Carolyn's suspicions justified? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent fulfills a long-delayed promise when he finally sets off on a vacation trip with his young daughter Janey. The trip is also, in part, a means of escaping the problem of Jocelyn McLeod, who—Jim believes—is too young to tie herself to a man so much her senior in experience if not in years. But as Jim retraces a holiday he once took with his dead wife, he discovers a strange clue to his future. M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT The custody of child actress Molly Lou Mallory may go to Hadley Butler, since Butler's signed confession of fraud, once in Gil Whitney's possession, has disappeared. As Helen fights to keep Molly Lou out of Butler's avaricious hands, her life is further disturbed by the father of wealthy Barkley Bailey, who disapproves of Helen and is taking secret action to discredit her. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY Whenever things went wrong for Rosemary, she looked upon her home town, Springdale, as a refuge. It was to Springdale that she returned with her husband, Bill Roberts, while he was awaiting trial on the charge of murdering Blanche Weatherby. They hoped to find peace and comfort there with Rosemary's family while Bill's case was being prepared. But Rosemary makes a shattering discovery. M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON A few months ago, Terry Burton could not have predicted the strange combination of events that would propel her from her secure, humdrum housewife's job in Dickston to a glamorous career designing for a Broadway production. But unless she allows Stan's mother to support Stan, herself and the children, Terry must earn money of her own. What effect will this have on her marriage? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Despite Stella's efforts to help, Mrs. Grosvenor, the stubborn, snobbish mother-in-law of Stella's daughter Laurel, has once again shown herself a poor judge of human nature and has become the unknowing victim of two ruthless criminals. Is Stella right in suspecting that someone connected with the night club called The White Orchid is behind the sinister events that have occurred? M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS Gary Bennet, guardian of Evelyn Winters, is still involved with actress Cecily Lockwood. Meanwhile, Evelyn becomes engaged to Bob Mathews, playboy Bruce Holliday's pilot. Cecily's brother, Sid, comes to New York. Clearly Sid is working for Bruce against his will. Now, the secret of Bruce's hold over Cecily begins to emerge. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, ABC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Nurse Nora Drake has broken with Dr. Robert Seargent in order to help Seargent re-establish the home his young daughter, Grace, sorely needs. Miserable over this, she finds life further complicated by the return of Molina. Molina has learned that Fred Spencer helped Peg Martinson to discredit Nora at the hospital. Molina is determined to get Nora re-instated. Will his help mean more trouble? M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

WENDY WARREN What Wendy has vaguely suspected turns out to be true—Anton Kamp, investigating Mark's wife Roseanna on behalf of the government, has become much too interested in the mysterious young European. What actually is Roseanna's part in the obscure affair that has already climaxed in murder with international implications? Will circumstances combine to free Mark to marry Wendy? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Through the strain and fear of the days when Joan Davis' mother is lying at the point of death, Joan and her husband Harry find a richer and closer relationship than even their happy marriage has ever afforded. But Harry's secretary, Claire O'Brien, has plans of her own regarding Harry. Will Joan's love and faith be strong enough to guide her through the maze of Claire's scheming? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, ABC

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE The children of Mr. and Mrs. James Carter are very close to, and very fond of their parents, but that does not prevent an occasional rebellious accusation that Father Carter is trying to lead his children's lives. Jeff, the oldest, has finally won his emotional freedom. Jeff, in turn, keeps a watchful, sympathetic eye on the younger ones—particularly on his sister Virginia, who may need help. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Eric Cartier has taken a great deal from Lucia Standish, but when she finally agrees to marry him because she has given up all hope of Jerry Malone—and tells him so—even Eric turns against her. Meanwhile, in Three Oaks, Anne Malone and Sam Williams find it impossible to keep Sam's son, Gene, and Gene's estranged wife, Crystal from making a big mistake. M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Preoccupied with the problems of her young friend Rose Bishop, Ellen Brown almost quarrels seriously with her fiance, Dr. Anthony Loring. The Doctor does not entirely agree with Ellen's attitude toward Rose. Ellen is overcome with remorse when she learns that strain and worry are taking serious toll of Anthony's health. What is behind this anxiety which is upsetting Anthony's whole life? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

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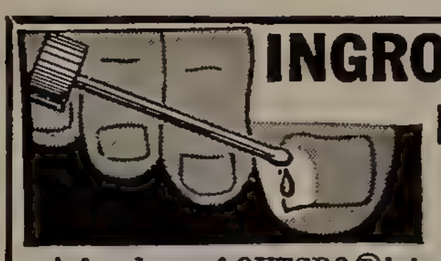

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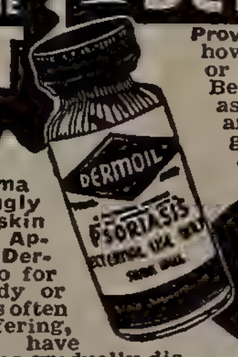

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THE MAN BEHIND THE HEART

(*Continued from page* 27) prolonged period of trouble, or after a series of discouragements. He knows how to put people at their ease and how to give them new hope. And his patience is unbelievable."

The people who come on the program have to tell their stories—their reasons for wanting to strike it rich—and then answer a series of questions. The amount they win depends on their knowledge of the correct answers and on the sums they are willing to gamble from the initial stake given them. Sometimes these guests are extremely nervous, upset not only by the conditions that have brought them to the program, but by their natural shyness at appearing in public before microphones and cameras. This is where Warren's patience is unfailing. Before the broadcast he takes each person or group aside individually and talks like this:

"Just pretend I am a close relative, or a valued friend," he says. "Let's assume we're sitting around in my kitchen having coffee together and talking over your situation. You're telling me your problem straight from your heart. You haven't planned any set speech. Well, act that way on the program and the people who are watching and listening will see the real you. You will feel completely natural, and when the time comes to answer the questions, you won't get rattled and can put your best foot forward."

The fact that when a guest is overcome with emotion, as happens at times, and Warren, too, has to fight back his tears, only proves how unrehearsed these stories are and how deep is his sympathy for the people who tell them.

Not all the cases concern life-and-death matters, of course. Some of them are no more serious than a group of kids wanting a ball team but lacking money for equipment—a need considered perfectly legitimate on this program with a heart. Many stories, however, concern very real cases of need, some of it immediate.

Warren himself puts it this way: "Nothing I have ever done has battered my emotions in quite the manner this program has, and no other work has given me quite the same good feeling deep down inside. This is the kind of thing you can't leave when you walk off the stage. You take some of it home with you, because what has been happening on the show has affected other lives. Not everything that is done proves to be a big turning point in someone's life (what a thrill it is when that does happen!), but every person comes for help of some kind. Often there is no other place to turn."

Cameramen and stagehands who work on Strike It Rich take an unusual interest in this show. When kids are on the program the supply of balloons is quickly used up. They ride the cameras, and have been known to run off the stage in the middle of an interview to climb the dollies and mike booms, they've been made to feel so at home!

Help to children seems particularly important to Hull. One of the stories that most affected him concerned a girl of twelve from a large family where there was little money. As an infant she had been terribly burned and her hair had never grown back, so she had to wear a scarf tied over her head, indoors and out.

A neighbor, realizing what a cross this must be to a sensitive adolescent, wrote the program a letter and the child was invited to appear. Warren had to draw out her story skilfully, because she was shy and quiet. He asked if some of her schoolmates ever made cruel remarks. "Yes, they do," she confirmed, looking up at him gravely, "but I'm not mad at them," an answer which touched everyone who heard it. Then she answered the questions that enabled her to strike it rich for enough to pay for the wig she needed. But before she left the stage there was a ring on the Heartline. That's the telephone through which listeners and viewers can get calls through while a program is still on the air. This call came from a well-known New York wigmaker. "Send that child to me and I will make her one of the best wigs we ever turned out, without any charge," he promised.

The little girl had a fitting before she went back to her home town, and three weeks later, radiant and confident, she came to the theatre to thank everyone. Warren brought her out on the stage so the audience could know the happy ending to her story. Many such wonderful offers of help come during programs, and many more come afterward when only a few people hear about them.

A reporter who came on the show as a "helping hand" for a blind child interested Warren as much as the child did. With another reporter he had been assigned to a feature story about children who would never "see" Christmas, and both men had been particularly attracted to a very bright little girl who had been abandoned as a baby and would need help when she had to face the world on her own. So they came on the show in her place to strike it rich for her. One of these reporters, a very young man, had been in an auto accident and was greatly in need of plastic surgery for a mutilated face. He assured Warren he would be able some day to earn enough to have something done about "this thing that is wrong with me." He was only worried about the little girl. But no sooner had the two men struck it rich for her when the Heartline rang and a plastic surgeon offered to perform the necessary surgery for the man, without any charge. "I had to turn away when I saw the expression on his face," Warren tells you. "I knew then how hard it had been for him."

The plight of family men who have lost their grip on life is something else that hits Hull hard. "Every once in a while we have a case where a fellow whose wife and children look to him as their hero, the big fellow who is the head of the family, has been so broken by trouble and strain that he has little left to fight with. I have the greatest sympathy for such men who find it hard to measure up to their responsibilities, but who keep on trying."

The president of a hearing aid company called on the Heartline one day "because my wife heard that story on the car radio while she was traveling across a mid-west state and she got right out and telephoned me to telephone you and say we would give a hearing aid to that person who needs one." A writer and lecturer, who offered to be the helping hand for an arthritic Puerto Rican, struck it rich for him for five hundred dollars, and a doctor who heard the program offered free treatments. Months later, the crippled man came to see Warren minus his cane, flexing his formerly crippled fingers to show how much better they were and jumping up and down to demonstrate his cure. He went back to work to support his family, as the result of help he got on the show. Homes have been saved, where payments couldn't

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) Of RADIO-TV MIRROR, published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1951.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1951.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI
Notary Public, State of New York,
Qualified in Bronx County No.03-8045500.
Certificates filed in Bronx and New York
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(My commission expires March 30, 1952)

be met, and new homes have been won. A family with twelve children, who had taken in a needy thirteenth, won five hundred dollars toward a new house, but a viewer in their home town donated a lot, a furniture dealer came through with an offer to furnish several rooms, a lumber company offered enough of their product, and several merchants gave clothes and other needed things.

The studio audience gets so carried away that many of them surge backstage after the show with offers of small sums and large. Children promise the contents of their banks. A special Heartline fund has been established, but in most cases the calls are completely spontaneous, and Warren likes it that way. "Listen to the show and watch it, and decide which person you most want to help," he asks. If the need isn't too great, and the guest wins enough to meet it, most people keep their money for some needier case. A woman who had saved for a new vacuum cleaner was so touched by a story she heard that she sent in her savings, but when the company heard about it they sent her a cleaner as a gift from them. As a rule, however, the only compensation for giving is the usual one of having done a good deed. It never ceases to surprise Warren how many people are thoroughly satisfied with that.

He will always remember and be proud of the two American boys who struck it rich so that forty of their classmates, exchange students from seventeen countries, could visit Washington, D. C., before they returned to their native lands. With the five hundred dollars they chartered a bus and took the students to the nation's capital, where they toured the government buildings and saw Congress in session. When they got back, Walter Framer and Warren were recipients of thank-you notes in seventeen different languages, and Senator Fulbright of Arkansas was so impressed that he had the story of what the two boys had done placed in the Congressional Record, along with the program's part in helping them.

The one evening TV program, on Wednesday, has the same appeal as the daytime programs, except that it numbers more businessmen among its home audience, and some of the offers of help that come in reflect that difference. The evening show, too, has been responsible for a group of what the program calls "Reporters." Fathers now come home on Thursday night and ask, "How did those kids come out today that were held over from last night's show when time ran out? Did they win that money they needed?"

Personal mail to Warren, in care of the show, is huge. For more than a year there was a series of delightful letters from a Massachusetts woman who told Warren she was in her seventies and lived alone in a little saltbox house, and that she tuned in her radio to Strike It Rich and felt that he and his guests were actually visiting her. "As summer came on this year I promised myself I would visit South Wellfleet if I got up to Cape Cod. I finally did go up, and one afternoon drove over with a friend to surprise her. When I knocked on the door of the cute little house a little white-haired woman with twinkling blue eyes answered. I said I had heard she listened to her radio a great deal. "Do you use Vel?" I asked. Puzzled, she said "Yes." "Well, you know Vel saves ninety per cent of your dish-washing work," I repeated the line from our commercial.

"Are you Warren Hull?" she asked, then threw her arms around my neck.

"We had orange juice and heart shape home-made ginger snaps in her comfortable kitchen. As we talked I could see how much she enjoyed all the people and the things with which she came in contact and I knew I had been right in thinking her a wonderful person. Not for anything would I have missed meeting Sara Newcomb. Only recently, after paying for her winter's coal, she sent me the amount left over, eighteen dollars, for the Heartline fund, and she added a batch of those delicious ginger snaps."

Television and radio offered no great challenge to Hull because he has been in every branch of show business, starting with the trumpet and sax in the Lockport, N. Y., high school band and singing solo at school assemblies and on the local radio. He later sang and danced ("no Astaire, mind you") in a number of Schubert musicals, did a second lead in "My Maryland," and the juvenile lead in "Rain or Shine" with Joe Cook. In Hollywood he made thirty-six pictures. "I was the male Pearl White at one period. I did four serials and I still run into people who remember me from the various 'chapters!'"

His old films have been sneaking up on him recently on TV. "I get a sort of double reaction when I see them now," he comments. "I am amused, of course, and I also am amazed when I look at that fellow on the screen that is supposed to be me."

His favorite is about fourteen or fifteen years old, called "A Bride for Henry," in which he plays a rather stuffy young lawyer who gets the girl by a fluke and then proceeds to try to put himself over in a big way with his bride by showing what a great fellow he really is. "I dive off the high board, ride the most spirited horses, dance with the most beautiful girls, who swoon over me, and make myself an all-around dashing hero to impress my bride. My boys sat there pop-eyed the first time they saw the picture. They couldn't believe this was their dad."

Warren spent seven years with Parks Johnson doing the famous Vox Pop radio program, from 1941 to 1948. "That gave me valuable experience in learning to talk to people from all levels of life. We talked with admirals and street sweepers, and we treated everyone as guests of the show. It makes me happy that we do the same thing on Strike It Rich, and this program is even more satisfying to me because it gives such definite help to those who are in need.

"What impresses me the most and gives me great happiness is the number of people who have written me that they always remember me in their prayers, people who have been on the program and people who have only heard and watched it. It's a wonderful thing to know that so many are praying that I, too, will strike it rich in the things that make life worthwhile."

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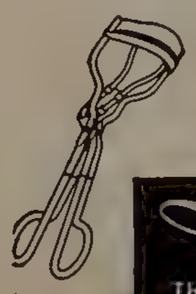

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FREE BOOKLET

COME AND VISIT IRENE BEASLEY

(*Continued from page* 45) oaks and locust which dot the surrounding twenty-one acres. But more intriguing than the factual details of design and construction are the romantic yarns she spins about the former tenants of the old Hudson River Dutch farmhouse.

"These high ceilings are just about the only serious departure from the Dutch-type of construction of that period," Irene points out at the start of the tour. "But there was a very good reason. The house originally was built for the chief farmer of the Philipse Manor. The chief farmer was a huge man, towering around six feet six, I'm told, and in designing the house for his valuable aide, the lord of the Philipse Manor had the ceilings made high."

There have been many occupants of Windsong—the list resembles a page out of *Who's Who in America.* Around 1880, Cyrus Field, who planted the first Atlantic cable, bought the house and then lost it later to Jay Gould in a disastrous Wall Street maneuver. After the Gould ownership, the house passed on to J. P. Morgan and more recently it was the property of Evelyn Wells, the author.

"ASIDE from the famous people who have lived here, the house has played an important part in history," explains Irene, who quotes considerable research in tracing the legends of Windsong. "The Philipses were sympathetic to the Tories during the Revolutionary War and the house is shown on old maps as a storage place for supplies.

"After the defeat of the British, the house was seized from the Philipses and sold at auction, which seems to be justified. For, I'm told, the Philipses even used this house to hide out some Hessian troops and did it very cleverly, too. Here, let me show you something."

Irene moves to a narrow passageway connecting the library and the living room and opens a door of what is apparently an innocent clothes closet.

"I bet this would fool anyone—and it probably did." She manipulates the panel on the back wall of the closet, after removing an obscure wooden peg. Suddenly, like a scene from a Charlie Chan mystery, the secret panel slides to one side, and a flight of crude plank steps leading to the attic is revealed.

"This concealed hideout was originally built as a protection against Indians and pirates," she tells you, "but it also came in very handy during the war.

"But there are no ghosts at Windsong—at least none that I know about," Irene says. "Or if there are, then they must be pretty happy ghosts. I suppose it is a big house for just two of us—my maid and I—but I never have felt anything but its warmth and coziness. After you've been here a short while, you feel as though you belong to it."

The floor plan of Windsong is orderly and reflects the simplicity of Early American architecture. Both the first and second floors have a center hall from the front of the house to the rear. On the lower floor, the library and music room, or parlor, are on one side of the hall, with the dining room and kitchen on the other. Upstairs, the master bedroom and three smaller bedrooms are similarly arranged.

The flooring throughout the house remains in its original state—wide planks of chestnut, held in place by square nails. In most of the rooms, the plank floors are unfinished. However, in the living room, the flooring is black, which is in keeping with old Dutch taste.

The library, where Irene does most of her homework in connection with Grand Slam and her other radio and television ventures, has a rustic atmosphere. There's a huge fieldstone fireplace, which is set off by polished pine paneling. The walls are papered in a restful green-and-white pattern, and the furnishings include a 200-year-old student's bench and several pieces of a period dining room set which Irene happily discovered in the basement.

"I don't want anything in the house that isn't a genuine period piece," she explains. "Of course, I've had to learn an awful lot about antiques so I wouldn't be cheated by some slick dealer, but searching and shopping is fun. I'm afraid it'll be a long time before I acquire all the things I'm looking for, however."

The parlor also has a large fireplace, which is arranged in a back-to-back position with the one in the library. Rich, cardinal red drapes, matching the upholstery of the Early American love seat, give the room warmth and elegance. The baby grand piano—a very important and necessary item in a singer's home—is the only piece of furniture of modern vintage in the room. Rich relics of antiquity like the cobbler's bench, student's lamp, copper kettles and pair of priceless matching glass lamps, are testimonials to Irene's endless expeditions through the antique collections of New England.

THE dining room, which was formerly the kitchen, is smaller than the other rooms. Green is the basic color here, and it features the old-fashioned hutch table and milk benches, a dry sink containing a huge chopping bowl of pine, and a cherrywood cabinet. A Dutch door, with its original iron hinges, leads from the dining room to a large screened-in terrace, which overlooks a wide expanse of rolling lawn, flower beds and bushes of every description, and a vast wooded area.

The kitchen and baths have been completely renovated with modern plumbing and electrical appliances. The narrow stairs leading to the upper floor are made of thick planks and now are well worn. The master bedroom has white woodwork and flowered wallpaper, and the large poster bed and other furniture are of matching pine. The plank flooring is handsomely decorated by a multi-colored hooked rug. The three other bedrooms are furnished simply and appropriately and afford accommodation for the many guests who flock to Windsong.

"I'd much rather have my friends come to visit with me," Irene explains, "than to go to night clubs and parties on the town. Everyone who has been here always wants to come back. But I don't take any bows for that, since I feel that the house itself

really is the hostess."

Irene pursues an ambitious, almost back-breaking daily schedule in connection with her Grand Slam program. Directing the operations of the staff of eighteen, in addition to leading the fifteen-minute show through its paces, she spends a total of nine hours a day in her studio and office. However, the weekday grind is a lark compared to the routine she follows on week-ends.

"I'm an early riser—6:30 every morning—and I try to get one or two things done around the house before I start my drive to the city at 8:15. The chores I can't get to, I put on an ever-growing list—and then I attempt to tackle the lineup over the week-end. Usually, by Saturday, the list is quite impossible, but I do my best.

"I sometimes wonder if it isn't this wonderful ground around Windsong that I love best. I feel that these old, old trees are old friends of mine. Look at that big tree over there," she says. "That's a horse chestnut and it's my favorite, I think. It's well over 300 years old, I'm told, its trunk is almost hollow and half of its top foliage now is gone. But last spring, that was the first tree to blossom here. I call her 'Lizzie'—she's the matron of Windsong.

"I get much pleasure and relaxation from just wandering around the grounds and listening to the wonderful sounds. The rustling of the leaves, the singing and chirping of the birds and the whistling of the wind. Do you know I carried on a conversation every morning this past spring and summer with three crows? They'd awaken me almost every morning and would sit out there in the middle of the lawn and chatter at great length. And then there was a pheasant who came to visit every day at the same time—just as I'd be leaving the house for the city. You never get lonely with such friends around!"

There's another prominent member of the Beasley household who also takes a keen interest in the birds—this is Michele, Irene's pet cat. Irene tells you, "Abe Goldman, our organist on Grand Slam, heard me say one day that I would like to have a pet of some sort for company—preferably a cat. So Abe came up with Michele. Actually, we named her Mike at first, but events that followed caused us to re-christen her more properly."

Actually, Irene has been the mistress of Windsong only since last March, and she still has to pinch herself at times to realize that she has at last escaped from the crowded hotels and apartments that have plagued her for years.

"For some reason I kept getting back to this idea of living in a farmhouse. I suppose it's easy to trace. After all, I was born on a plantation in Whitehaven, Tennessee. My father was a farmer; his father was a farmer and my mother's father was a farmer. And I used to spend my vacation on a typical Gone With the Wind plantation in Mississippi, with my grandmother. I loved it there. And do you know what it was called? Windsong Farm. Yes, that's where I got the name from.

"During the summer of 1950 the urge to buy a house got stronger and I decided to do something about it. But after seeing some of these old places I thought I was crazy. Most of them needed considerable work and constant care. Well, a few months passed and last winter I came up here to Ardsley to look at this house.

"An agent had mentioned it to me previously, but I had turned a deaf ear to the suggestion when he mentioned its age. However, the day I came out here a fine fire was burning in the fireplace and everything was cozy. Its owner told me some of its history and I was enchanted.

"I had no intention of buying it, however, when I said my goodbyes and left. But, I think we were just down the road a mile or so when I knew—I wanted that house!"

Irene has a hundred and one plans for Windsong, but at present she is concentrating on her study of television and the role she expects to play there. Grand Slam, the show which she originated and owns outright, entered its sixth successive year on radio last September, and Irene feels that it has a definite place in television. With its music, fun and popular quiz, it has achieved one of the top daytime ratings.

"I want to take television gradually," Irene says. "I feel that daytime radio has a definite mission to fulfill and that it can compete very successfully with television—and probably will for some time. After all, the housewife can't just sit and look at a television screen all day. With radio, it's different. They can listen and still get some work done around the house.

"I do have plans to do some other programs in addition to Grand Slam, and some of these might fit in very well with television. But, in this business you just can't rush into things, and I don't intend to."

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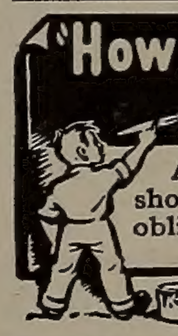

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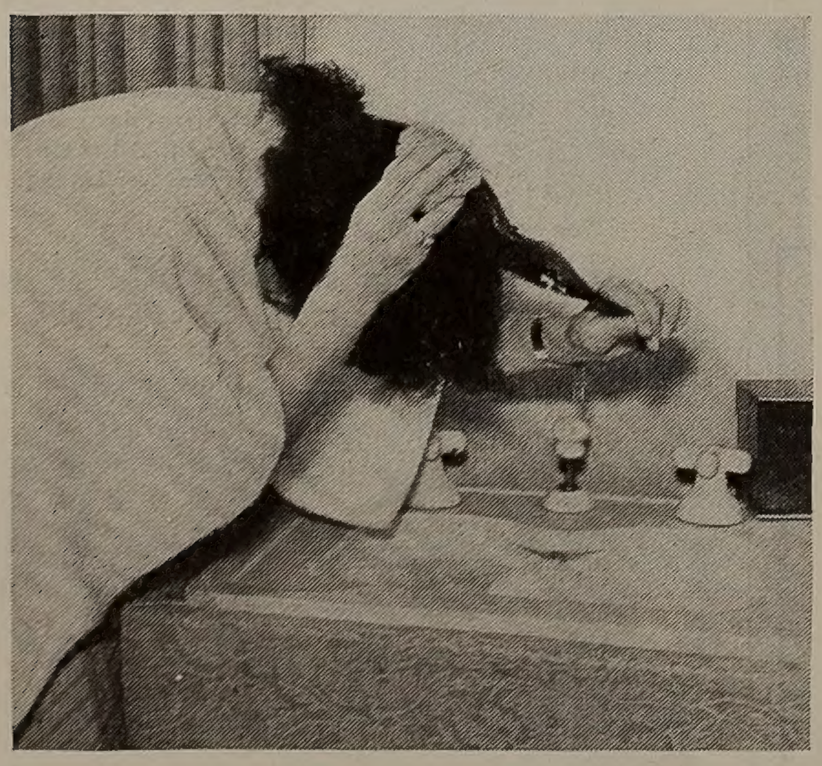

Certainly, change your hair color, says lovely TV songstress, Dorothy Sarnoff, but give it special care

GONE are the days when "she touches up her hair" was whispered in horror about some hapless victim. Today, twenty million women in the United States—that's two out of every five—do something to dramatize their hair. And it's far from frowned upon.

But let's face it—the smartest gals are the ones that know that hair that's been tinted, bleached or dyed—just as hair that's been permanent waved—requires a little extra care to keep it soft and silky.

A case in point is lovely songstress Dorothy Sarnoff, whose career has required almost as many hair color changes as a leopard has spots. A frequent guest on radio and TV shows such as Showtime USA, Ford Star Theatre and Toast of the Town, Dorothy is currently featured on Broadway in Rodgers' and Hammerstein's "The King and I." Her naturally light brown hair has been platinum blonde for her role in the "Great Waltz," mahogany as "Magdalena" and raven black for her role as a wife of the King of Siam.

A smart girl as well as a pretty one—Dorothy has devised her own ingenious version of the hot oil treatment to keep hair soft and shining —always—through all the changes. Here's how she does it:

Before her weekly shampoo, Dorothy first treats herself to a good brushing. Not just a friendly pass with the hair brush—but a good hundred strokes. Next—and this is the ingenious part—she applies generous amounts of a rich lanolin cream to her hair and scalp—using a tube and a half for each treatment. After thoroughly massaging it into her scalp and hair, right down to the ends, she wraps her head, turbanwise, in a length of aluminum foil. That's right—the kind you have in the kitchen. Sitting close to an electric heater or a goose-neck lamp with a 100 watt bulb, she relaxes for fifteen minutes while the rich coating of cream soaks into her hair and scalp. If a heater is not handy, Dorothy substitutes hot towels, wrapped around the foil turban, or, bending over a sink or tub, sprays hot water over her head.

When shampooing after the treatment, Dorothy assures herself of immaculately clean hair by going to work with a well-lathered bath sponge. Taking a section of hair at a time, she works the sponge down each strand from scalp to ends.

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